

Arch. 40

160

365

PONIATOWSKI GEMS



CLASS. V.

Arch. 160⁵ (5)

Stenderi

E



<36636661610012 S

<36636661610012

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

EXPLANATORY CATALOGUE
OF THE
PROOF-IMPRESSIONS
OF
THE ANTIQUE GEMS

POSSESSED BY THE LATE
PRINCE PONIATOWSKI,
AND NOW
IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN TYRRELL, ESQ.

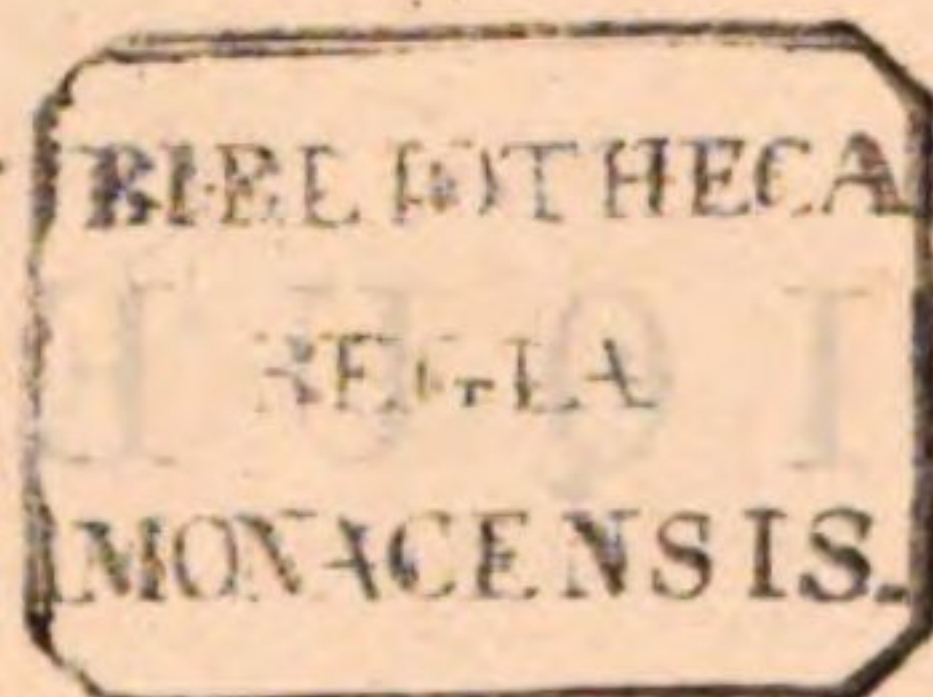
CLASS V.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY
HENRY GRAVES AND CO. PALL MALL.

M.DCCC.XLII.

EXPLANATORY CATALOGUE

BOOK-IMPRESSIONS



THE ANTIQUE

PRINTED BY DOMINICK

IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN THURTELL, ESQ.

CLASS V.

LONDON :

LONDON :

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, K.G.

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGH RESPECT IN WHICH

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS IS HELD

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST OBEDIENT AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

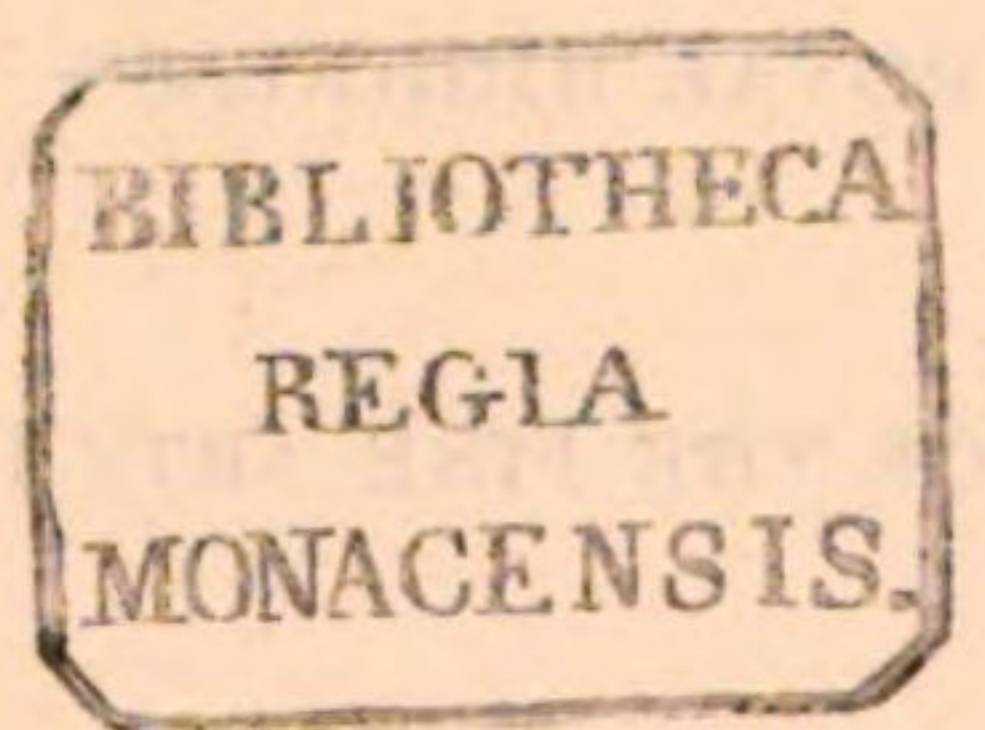
JOHN TYRRELL.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, R.G.

THIS BOOK

IS IN THE POSSESSION OF

THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL MONASTERY OF SAINTS



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF MONACO

BY THE

CLASS V.

SUBJECTS FROM THE ODYSSEY.

ULYSSES, king of the island of Ithaca, stands pre-eminent among the heroes of antiquity for wisdom and valour united. From his attachment to his wife Penelope, he was anxious to avoid joining the Grecian expedition against Troy. He accordingly feigned insanity, and ploughed the sea-shore, in which he sowed salt, saying it would yield a fruitful crop. Palamedes, however, detected and defeated the artifice, by placing before the ploughshare his young child Telemachus, from whom the father turned aside the plough. When at Troy, he performed the most signal services to the Grecian cause as a hero and a counsellor. He was mainly instrumental in preventing the Grecian army, after the secession of Achilles, from returning home, and abandoning the conquest of the country. The soothsayers having declared, at different times, that Troy could not be taken unless the Greeks possessed the Palladium, or image of Pallas (kept in the Trojan citadel); the horses of Rhesus, king of Thrace, a Trojan auxiliary; the arrows of Hercules, kept by Philoctetes, then an exile in the isle of Lemnos; and, after the death of Achilles, the services of his son Neoptolemus,—Ulysses, by his perseverance, courage, and sagacity, procured for them all these benefits. So persuaded were the Grecian chiefs, in full council assembled, of his transcendent services, that they adjudged to him the arms of Achilles, as the great prize to be given to the most meritorious. The *Odyssey* of Homer is mainly a narrative of his adventures after the Trojan war. He was absent from home about twenty years. As he had not returned within a reasonable time after the close of the war, it was reported he was shipwrecked and lost: the chiefs of the neighbouring islands, and some of the chiefs of Ithaca, flocked to the palace, and there lived in riot and luxury, importuning Penelope to select either of them as a husband. She promised to make her selection after she had finished a piece of tapestry on which she was employed; but by unravelling at night what she worked by day, she protracted her labour, until at last Ulysses arrived, and slew them.

No. 991.

Ulysses attacked by a wild Boar.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

The following quotation will fully elucidate this and the two subsequent subjects, which refer to one of the adventures of Ulysses in his youth.

“Soon as the morn, new-rob’d in purple light, Pierc’d with her golden shafts the rear of night, Ulysses, and his brave maternal race, The young Autolyce, essay the chase. Parnassus, thick perplex’d with horrid shades, With deep-mouth’d hounds the hunter-troop in- vades, What time the sun, from ocean’s peaceful stream, Darts o’er the lawn his horizontal beam. The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale; The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce assail; And foremost of the train, his cornel-spear Ulysses wav’d, to rouse the savage war. Deep in the rough recesses of the wood, A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood: Nor winter’s boreal blast, nor thund’rous show’r, Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bow’r, With wither’d foliage strew’d, a heapy store; The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar. Rous’d by the hounds and hunters’ mingling cries, The savage from his leafy founder flies: With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine, And bristles high impale his horrid chine.	Young Ithacus, advanc’d, defies the foe, Poising his lifted lance in act to throw: The savage renders vain the wound decreed, And springs impetuous with opponent speed! His tusks oblique he aim’d the knee to gore; Aslope they glanc’d, the sinewy fibres tore, And bar’d the bone. Ulysses, undismay’d, Soon with redoubled force the wound repaid; To the right shoulder-joint the spear applied, His further flank with streaming purple dyed: On earth he rush’d, with agonising pain; With joy, and vast surprise, the applauding train View’d his enormous bulk extended on the plain. With bandage firm Ulysses’ knee they bound; Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound Of sacred melody confess’d the force; The tides of life regain’d their azure course. Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim, Autolycus, enamour’d with his fame, Confirm’d the cure; and from the Delphic dome With added gifts return’d him glorious home. He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv’d Relates the chase, and early praise achiev’d.” <i>Odys. b. xix.</i>
---	---

No. 992.

Ulysses killing the wild Boar.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 993.

Ulysses cured by Autolycus.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 994.

Minerva descending to Ithaca, to direct young Telemachus.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

Ulysses having been shipwrecked at the island of Ogygia was detained there for seven years by the queen Calypso, who was enamoured of him. At last Minerva intercedes for his release with Jupiter, who, yielding to her entreaty, despatches Mercury to Calypso; while she herself descends to Ithaca to counsel young Telemachus, the son of Ulysses.

"Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd,
All who the wars of ten long years surviv'd,
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor-train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her cave constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is giv'n by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait.

'Father and king ador'd!' Minerva cried,
'Since all who in the Olympian bower reside
Now make the wand'ring Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to the Atlantic isle* repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypso's court,
The sanction of the assembl'd powers report—
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine to form his green, unpractis'd years
In sage debates, surrounded with his peers,

To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train,
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like sire;
Deliv'ring early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.'

She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with
gold,
Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
Th' aerial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy jav'lin bore,
Pond'rous and vast, which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends:
Her lineaments divine the grave disguise
Of Mentès' form conceal'd from human eyes,
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land);
A glitt'ring spear wav'd awful in her hand."

Odys. b. i.

No. 995.

Interview of Minerva disguised as Mentes, and Telemachus.

KEPHOS. *Sardonys.*

See preceding quotation.

* Ogygia.

Henceforward Telemachus appears endued with wisdom and courage far beyond his years. The following description of the riotous conduct of the suitors, and of the embarrassing situation of Penelope and Telemachus, is necessary, in order to give the reader a view of the real object of Minerva's mission, and prepare him for a full comprehension of many of the following subjects.

"There in the portal plac'd, the heav'n-born maid
Enormous riot and misrule survey'd.
On hides of beeves before the palace-gate
(Sad spoils of luxury), the suitors sate :
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen,
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl supply :
Others apart the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet with god-like grace,
Amid the circle shines : but hope and fear
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.
Now imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd,
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord ;
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd,
The stranger-guest the royal youth beheld.
Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate,
Instant he flew, with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd :
'Stranger ! whoe'er thou art, securely rest
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest :
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare.'

Thus affable and mild, the prince proceeds,
And to the dome th' unknown celestial leads.
The spear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd ;
Where seemly rang'd, in peaceful order, stood
Ulysses' arms, now long disus'd to blood.
He led the goddess to the sov'reign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide) ;
Then drew his seat, familiar, to her side ;
Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With insolence and wine elate and loud ;

Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate,
If haply conscious of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs ;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size :
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
They heap the glitt'ring cannisters with bread :
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour—rich repast !
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought ;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste :
Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxurious then they feast. Observant round,
Gay, stripling youths the brimming goblets
crown'd.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance :
To Phemius was consign'd the corded lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire ;
Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains responsive to the vocal string.

Meanwhile, in whispers to his heav'nly guest,
His indignation thus the prince exprest :—
'Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays.
His treasur'd stores these cormorants consume,
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blythe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.

But ah, I dream!—the appointed hour is fled,
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:

Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight:
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known.'"

Odyssey, book i.

Mentes says that he was king of the Taphians, and an old friend of Ulysses. Telemachus then details his own and his mother's afflictions.

"With tender pity touch'd, the goddess cried:
'Soon may kind heav'n a sure relief provide!
Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd,
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty
 strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life!
But of his wish'd return the care resign;
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the suitor-crowd.
When next the morning warms the purple east,
Convoke the peerage, and the gods attest;
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate;
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste queen connubial rites require,
Dismiss'd with honour let her hence repair
To great Icarius,* whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant to foreign realms prepare to sail,
To learn your father's fortunes: fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice (the messenger of Jove),
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean, first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand;
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand,

For young Atrides to the Achaian coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor-host.
If yet Ulysses views the light, forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year;
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep disast'rous night,
Homeward, with pious speed, repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave;
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ;
By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,
And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
His virgin-sword Ægisthus' veins imbrued;
The murd'rer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O, greatly bless'd with ev'ry blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of fame.—
But my associates now my stay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.'
'The counsel of my friend,' the youth rejoin'd,
'Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild!)
Their sage experience to the fav'rite child.
But since to part, for sweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew:

* Her father.

And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
 Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
 'Defer the promis'd boon (the goddess cries,
 Celestial azure bright'ning in her eyes),
 And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
 From Temese return'd, your royal court
 I shall revisit; and that pledge receive,
 And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.'

Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky,
 Instant invisible to mortal eye.
 Then first he recognis'd the ethereal guest;
 Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:
 Heroic thoughts infus'd his heart dilate,
 Revolving much his father's doubtful fate:
 At length compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng,
 Hush'd in attention to the warbled song."

Odyssey, book i.

No. 996.

Penelope at her loom addressing the suitors.

POLYCLETES. *Sardonyx.*

"Did not the sun, through heav'n's wide azure
 roll'd,
 For three long years the royal fraud behold?
 While she, laborious in delusion, spread
 The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
 Where as to life the wond'rous figures rise,
 Thus spoke the inventive queen, with artful sighs:
 'Though, cold in death, Ulysses breathes no
 more,
 Cease yet awhile to urge the bridal hour;
 Cease, till to great Laertes I bequeath
 A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
 Lest when the fates his royal ashes claim,
 The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;

When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
 Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.'
 Thus she: at once the gen'rous train complies,
 Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
 The work she plied; but, studious of delay,
 By night revers'd the labours of the day.
 While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
 The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;
 Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
 The fourth, *her maid unfolds the amazing tale.*
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
 Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;
 A wond'rous monument of female wiles!"

Odyssey, book ii.

No. 997.

Telemachus and Nestor.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

The owl, the bird of Minerva, is here seen overhead. Telemachus having, under the advice and guidance of Minerva, sailed from Ithaca unknown to the suitors in quest of his father, and arrived at Pylos, is received by the old friend of his father, the venerable sage Nestor. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva disguised as Mentor, a faithful friend of Ulysses. They find Nestor and his Pylian subjects solemnising a festival in honour of Neptune. Having joined in the festival, and partaken of the king's hospitality, Telemachus, in answer to his re-

quest, announces who he is, and what the object of his voyage. Then Nestor, in reply, gives the following curious and much-prized epitome (according to Homer) of many events, and adventures of the Grecian chiefs, after the war.

“To him experienc’d Nestor thus rejoin’d :
 ‘O friend, what sorrows dost thou bring to mind !
 Shall I the long, laborious scene review,
 And open all the wounds of Greece anew ?
 What toils by sea ! where dark in quest of prey
 Dauntless we rov’d : Achilles led the way.
 What toils by land ! where, mix’d in fatal fight,
 Such numbers fell—such heroes sunk to night :
 There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
 There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave :
 There too my son—ah ! once my best delight,
 Once swift of foot and terrible in fight ;
 In whom stern courage with soft virtue join’d,
 A faultless body and a blameless mind :
 Antilochus—what more can I relate ?
 How trace the tedious series of our fate ?

But when, by wisdom won, proud Ilion burn’d,
 And in their ships the conqu’ring Greeks re-
 turn’d,
 ’Twas God’s high will the victors to divide,
 And turn the event, confounding human pride :
 Some he destroy’d, some scatter’d as the dust,
 (Not all were prudent, and not all were just) ;
 Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
 Stern daughter of the great avenger, Jove,
 The brother-kings inspir’d with fell debate ;
 Who call’d to council all the Achaian state,
 But call’d untimely (nor the sacred rite
 Observ’d, nor heedful of the setting light,
 Nor herald sworn, the session to proclaim).
 Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe, they came :
 To these the cause of meeting they explain,
 And Menelaus moves to cross the main.
 Not so the king of men ; he will’d to stay,
 The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
 And calm Minerva’s wrath. O blind to fate !
 The gods not lightly change their love or hate.
 With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
 Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.

Now diff’rent counsels ev’ry breast divide ;
 Each burns with rancour to the adverse side ;
 The unquiet night strange projects entertain’d,
 (So Jove, that urg’d us to our fate, ordain’d).
 We with the rising morn our ships unmoor’d,
 And brought our captives and our stores aboard ;
 But half the people with respect obey’d
 The king of men, and at his bidding stay’d.
 Now on the wings of winds our course we keep,
 (For God had smooth’d the waters of the deep) ;
 For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
 There land, and pay due victims to the pow’rs ;
 To bless our safe return we join in prayer,
 But angry Jove dispers’d our vows in air,
 And rais’d new discord. Then (so heav’n de-
 creed)

Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed.
 Wise as he was, by various counsels sway’d,
 He there, though late, to please the monarch,
 stay’d :
 But I, determin’d, stem the foamy floods,
 Warn’d of the coming fury of the gods.
 With us Tydides fear’d, and urg’d his haste ;
 And Menelaus came, but came the last :
 He join’d our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
 While yet we doubted of our wat’ry way ;
 If to the right to urge the pilot’s toil
 (The safer road), beside the Psyrian isle ;
 Or the strait course to rocky Chios plough,
 And anchor under Mimas’ shaggy brow.
 We sought direction of the power divine :
 The god propitious gave the guiding sign ;
 Through the mid seas he bids our navy steer,
 And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
 The whistling winds already wak’d the sky ;
 Before the whistling winds the vessels fly—
 With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
 And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
 There hecatombs of bulls to Neptune slain
 High-flaming please the monarch of the main.

The fourth day shone, when, all their labours
 o'er,
 Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore;
 But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
 The god still breathing on my swelling sails.
 Sep'rate from all, I safely landed here;
 Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
 Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sat,
 And ask each voyager each hero's fate;
 Curious to know, and willing to relate.

Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
 Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
 Those whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
 Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
 And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
 Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.
 How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
 And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
 And how the murd'rer paid his forfeit breath;
 What land so distant from that scene of death
 But trembling heard the same; and heard, admire
 How well the son appeas'd his slaughter'd sire!
 E'en to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
 Heav'n gives posterity t' avenge the deed.
 So fell Ægisthus; and may'st thou, my friend,
 (On whom the virtues of thy sire descend),
 Make future times thy equal act adore,
 And be what brave Orestes was before!

Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
 With Menelaus, through the curling sea.
 But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
 Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame,

Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd—
 Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
 To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
 When the storm thickens and the billows boil—
 While yet he exercis'd the steersman's art,
 Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart:
 E'en with the rudder in his hand, he fell.
 To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,
 We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
 And laid our old companion in the ground.
 And now the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
 Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
 Soon as Mallæa's misty tops arise,
 Sudden the Thund'rer blackens all the skies,
 And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
 Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
 The tempest scatters and divides our fleet;
 Part the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
 Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
 The streams of Jordan issue to the main.
 There stands a rock, high, eminent, and steep,
 Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
 And views Gortyna on the western side;
 On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
 With broken force the billows roll'd away,
 And heav'd the fleet into the neighb'ring bay.
 Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstan
 shores
 With shatter'd vessels and disabled oars:
 But five tall barks the winds and waters toss'd
 Far from their fellows, on the Ægyptian coast.
 There wander'd Menelaus through foreign shores,
 Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores.' "

Odyssey, book iii.

No. 998.

The same subject.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian*.

No. 999.

Polycasta placing the garment on Telemachus.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

“ While these officious tend the rites divine,
 The last fair branch of the Nestorian line,
 Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
 To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
 When o'er his limbs a flow'ry vest she threw,
 He issued, like a god, to mortal view.
 His former seat beside the king he found
 (His people's father with his peers around);
 All plac'd at ease, the holy banquet join,
 And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.”

Odyssey, book iii.

Nestor, after having entertained him and given him all the information in his power, sent him, accompanied by his son Pisistratus, to make inquiries of Menelaus, king of Sparta, because

“ He, wand'ring long, a wider circle made,
 And many-languag'd nations has survey'd;
 And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships,
 Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps;
 A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
 Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly.”

No. 1000.

Medon acquainting Penelope with the conspiracy of the suitors.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

The suitors having learned that Telemachus had sailed for Pylos, imagined that he went for reinforcements in order to expel or destroy them: they accordingly conspired to kill him on his return. Penelope was also ignorant of the departure of Telemachus, and was therefore greatly afflicted at these double tidings.

“ Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
 Who heard the consult of the dire divan:
 Before her dome the royal matron stands,
 And thus the message of his haste demands:

‘ What will the suitors! must my servant-train
 Th’ allotted labours of the day refrain,
 For them to form some exquisite repast?
 Heav’n grant this festival may prove their last!

Or if they still must live, from me remove
 The double plague of luxury and love!
 Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,
 In riot to consume a wretched heir.
 In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
 Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?
 Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
 Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
 Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
 Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power:
 Ulysses let no partial favours fall:
 The people's parent, he protected all:
 But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!
 His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.'

He thus: 'O, were the woes you speak the worst!
 They form a deed more odious and accurs'd;
 More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
 But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
 The darling object of your royal care
 Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare:
 Before he anchors in his native port,
 From Pyle resailing and the Spartan court,
 Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
 The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!'

Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
 The vital streams a chilling horror froze:
 The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
 And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
 At length, in tender language, interwove
 With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love:
 'Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
 Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?

Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
 A blank oblivion and untimely grave!'

'Tis not,' replied the sage, 'to Medon giv'n
 To know if some inhabitant of heav'n
 In his young breast the daring thought in-
 spir'd;

Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
 The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
 Studious to learn his absent father's doom.'

The sage retir'd. Unable to control
 The mighty griefs that swell her lab'ring soul,
 Rolling convulsive on the floor is seen
 The piteous object of a prostrate queen.
 Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
 And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.

Around their sov'reign wept the menial fair,
 To whom she thus address'd her deep despair:

'Behold a wretch, whom all the gods consign
 To woe! did ever sorrows equal mine?
 Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost—
 His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
 Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
 Our other column of the state is borne:
 Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—
 Unkind confed'rates in his dire intent!
 Ill suits it with your shews of duteous zeal
 From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
 Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
 Why did you fear to trouble my repose?
 He either had obey'd my fond desire,
 Or seen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.'"

Odyssey, book iv.

No. 1001.

The phantom of Iphthime consoling Penelope in her sleep.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

"Meantime the queen without refection due,
 Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:
 In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
 And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.

So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
 And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds;
 With grief and rage the mother-lion stung,
 Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.

While pensive in the silent, slumb'rous shade,
 Sleep's gentle pow'rs her drooping eyes invade;
 Minerva, life-like on embodied air,
 Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair*—
 (Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
 Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
 A sceptred lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
 Of Thessaly wide stretch'd his ample reign).
 As Pallas will'd, along the sable skies
 To calm the queen the phantom-sister flies.
 Swift on the regal dome descending right,
 The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
 Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
 And thus performs Minerva's high commands:

'O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
 To render sleep's soft blessing insincere?
 Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
 The day reflection and the midnight dream!
 Thy son the gods propitious will restore,
 And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.'

To whom the queen (whilst yet her pensive
 mind
 Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd):
 'O sister, to my soul for ever dear!
 Why this first visit to reprove my fear?
 How in a realm so distant should you know
 From what deep source my ceaseless sorrows
 flow?

To all my hopes my royal lord is lost,
 His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
 And with consummate woe to weigh me down,
 The heir of all his honours and his crown,
 My darling son, is fled! an easy prey
 To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they;
 Who in a league of blood-associates sworn,
 Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.'

'Courage resume,' the shadowy form replied,
 'In the protecting care of heav'n confide:
 On him attends the blue-ey'd martial maid—
 What earthly can implore a surer aid?
 Me now the guardian-goddess deigns to send,
 To bid thee patient his return attend.'

The queen replies: 'If in the blest abodes,
 A goddess thou hast commerce with the gods,
 Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
 Or lies he wrapp'd in ever-during night?'

'Inquire not of his doom,' the phantom cries;
 I speak not all the counsel of the skies:
 Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
 The windy satisfaction of the tongue.'

Swift through the valves the visionary fair
 Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
 The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes;
 With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
 The vision, manifest of future fate,
 Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait."

Odyssey, book iv.

No. 1002.

Calypso giving Ulysses an axe to build his boat.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst.*

Jupiter despatched Mercury to Calypso, to command her to allow the departure of Ulysses. The description of her famous grotto, and a portion of her dialogue with Ulysses, it is here necessary to introduce.

"Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
 Till now the distant island rose in view;
 Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
 He took the path that winded to the cave.

Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found—
 The fair-hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty crown'd;
 She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays;
 The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze—

* Penelope's sister.

Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
 Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
 While she with work and song the time divides,
 And through the loom the golden shuttle guides:
 Without the grot a various sylvan scene
 Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
 Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
 And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
 On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
 The birds of broadest wings their mansion form—
 The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow—
 And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
 Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
 With purple clusters blushing through the green.
 Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;
 And every fountain pours a several rill,
 In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill;
 Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were
 crown'd,

And glowing violets threw odours round—
 A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,
 A god might gaze, and wander with delight!
 Joy touch'd the messenger of heav'n: he stay'd
 Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
 Him, ent'ring in the cave, Calypso knew,
 For pow'rs celestial to each other's view
 Stand still confess'd, though distant far they lie,
 Or habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.

The nymph, obedient to divine command,
 To seek Ulysses paced along the sand.
 Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
 With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
 And inly pining for his native shore;
 For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more;
 For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
 Absent he lay in her desiring arms—
 In slumber wore the heavy night away—
 On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day;
 There sate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
 With echoing sorrows made the mountains
 groan,
 And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
 Till dimm'd with rising grief they stream'd again.

Here on his musing mood the goddess press'd,
 Approaching soft; and thus the chief address'd:
 'Unhappy man! to wasting woes a prey,
 No more in sorrows languish life away:
 Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
 Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
 And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
 Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
 To store the vessel let the care be mine,
 With water from the rock and rosy wine,
 And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
 And prosp'rous gales to waft thee on thy way.
 These, if the gods with my desires comply
 (The gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
 And better skill'd in dark events to come),
 In peace shall land thee at thy native home.'

Thus having said, the goddess march'd be-
 fore:

He trode her footsteps in the sandy shore.
 At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
 He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sate.
 For him the nymph a rich repast ordains,
 Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
 Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,
 Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
 Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress,
 Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest:

'Ulysses,' with a sigh she thus began,
 'O, sprung from gods! in wisdom more than
 man!

Is, then, thy home the passion of thy heart?
 Thus wilt thou leave me? are we thus to part?
 Farewell! and ever joyful mayst thou be,
 Nor break the transport with one thought of
 me.

But, ah, Ulysses! wert thou giv'n to know
 What fate has doom'd thee yet to undergo,
 Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
 And e'en these slighted charms might learn to
 please.

A willing goddess, and immortal life,
 Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
 Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
 Less soft my feature, less august my frame?

Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly
fair?*

'Alas! for this,' the prudent man replies,
'Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, O goddess, as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart!
Though well I see thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love—
Of youth eternal well the diff'rence know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet ev'ry day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return and die at home.
Whate'er the gods shall destine me to bear,
In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind—
Enur'd to perils—to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run,
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!'

Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun de-
scends,
And rising night her friendly shade extends;

To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses rob'd him in the cloak and vest.
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd,
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd,
With flowers of gold: an under-robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.
Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty axe, with truest temper steel'd,
And double-edg'd, the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
And next, a wedge, to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighb'ring forest led the way.
On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the sun, or sear'd by heav'nly fire,
Already dried.† These pointing out to view,
The nymph just shew'd him, and with tears with-
drew."

Odyssey, book v.

No. 1003.

Departure of Ulysses from the Island of Calypso.

CARPOS. *Cornelian*.

Calypso is represented as striving to persuade him to remain, while Mercury is urging him to go. See preceding quotation.

"The nymph dismiss'd him, od'rous garments
giv'n,
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n:
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with sable wine:
Of ev'ry kind provisions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.

The goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the skies.
And now, rejoicing in the prosp'rous gales,
With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails;
Plac'd at the helm he sat, and mark'd the skies;
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes."

Odyssey, book v.

* The reader must consider, that though there may appear a contradiction between her proposal to him, immediately before, to depart, and her indirect solicitations to him, here, to remain, yet there is in reality none. She promised, in obedience to the absolute commands of Jupiter, to let him go, if he pleased; but if he consented to remain, she was absolved from her promise. Jupiter only required that she should not coerce his free agency.

† Green, moist wood, would have been unfit for the purpose.

No. 1004.

Neptune wrecking the boat of Ulysses.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonix.*

Neptune was incensed against Ulysses because he blinded his son Polyphemus.

"But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solime's aerial brow,
The king of ocean saw, and seeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd);*
The raging monarch shook his azure head,
And thus in secret to his soul he said:

'Heav'ns! how uncertain are the pow'rs on high!
Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky
In one man's favour, while, a distant guest,
I shar'd secure the Æthiopian feast?
Behold now near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land affix'd by fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is, then, our anger vain?
No, if this sceptre yet commands the main.'

He spoke, and high the forked trident hurl'd—
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the wat'ry world,
At once the face of earth and sea deforms—
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night. East, west, together roar,
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore.
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:

'Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils? and what my destin'd end?
Too well, alas! the island-goddess knew,
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes.
With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are
crown'd!

What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;
Death—present death, on ev'ry side appears.

Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Press'd in Atrides' cause the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I died before that well-fought wall—
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that when show'rs of jav'lines fled
From conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead),
All Greece had paid my solemn fun'rals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men!
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne;
While, by the howling tempest rent in twain,
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumb'rous vest Calypso gave;
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide,
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide:
E'en then, not mindless of his last retreat,
He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast,
Now to, now fro, before the autumnal blast—
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held:
And now the south, and now the north, bear sway,
And now the east the foamy floods obey,
And now the west wind whirls it o'er the sea.

The wand'ring chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast

* *i. e.* from the annual feast, which, it was fabled, was given to the gods in Æthiopia. The fable arose from the circumstance, that during twelve days in every year the statues of the gods were carried about in solemn procession, and the votaries indulged in feasting and amusement.

(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' train,
But now an azure sister of the main):
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the goddess stood;
Then thus address'd him: 'Thou, whom heav'n
decrees

To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas
(Unequal contest!), not his rage and power,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest thy wisdom will perform:
Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm;
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave:
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heav'nly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main:
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off; and turn thy eyes away.'

With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she div'd, from whence she
rose:

A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.

Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind:

'What shall I do? Unhappy me! Who knows
But other gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle
Thy voice foretells me shall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge: while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves' fury, here I fix'd remain;
But when their texture to the tempest yields,
I launch advent'rous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can.'

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging god a wat'ry mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly; the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strews the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;
There, pois'd awhile above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas
along."

Odyssey, book v.

No. 1005.

Ulysses floating on a fragment of the wreck.

ILLOS. *Sardonyx*.

Ulysses, Neptune, and the gods of the winds, form the group here. See preceding quotation.

No. 1006.

Ulysses floating, while Minerva lulls the winds.

ADMON. *Cornelian*.

"Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking pow'r,
Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the fav'ring hour;

Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
 And hush'd the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
 The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
 And bear him soft on broken waves away ;
 With gentle force impelling to that shore,
 Where fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
 And now two nights, and now two days were past,
 Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waste ;
 Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
 And hourly panting in the arms of death."

Odyssey, book v.

No. 1007.

Ulysses aided by Minerva and a river-god.

POLYCLETES. *Cornelian.*

"The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the
 main ;
 Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain,
 The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
 And a dead silence still'd the wat'ry world.
 When, lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies
 The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes
 As pious children joy with vast delight
 When a lov'd sire revives before their sight,
 (Who ling'ring long has call'd on death in vain,
 Fix'd by some demon to his bed of pain,
 Till heav'n by miracle his life restore),
 So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore ;
 And sees, and labours onward, as he sees
 The rising forests, and the tufted trees.
 And now, as near approaching as the sound
 Of human voice the list'ning ear may wound,
 Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
 Of murm'ring surges breaking on the shore :
 Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
 To shield the vessel from the rolling sea ;
 But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight !
 All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
 Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart,
 As thus he commun'd with his soul apart :

'Ah me ! when o'er a length of waters tost,
 These eyes at last behold th' unhop'd-for coast,

No port receives me from the angry main,
 But the loud deeps demand me back again.
 Above, sharp rocks forbid access ; around,
 Roar the wild waves ; beneath, is sea profound !
 No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
 To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
 If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
 Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main ;
 Or round the island if my course I bend,
 Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
 Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
 And bury all my hopes beneath the deep ;
 Or some enormous whale the god may send
 (For many such on Amphitrite attend) :
 Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
 And hate relentless of my heav'nly foe.'

While thus he thought, a monstrous wave up-
 bore

The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore :
 Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
 But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
 Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
 And stuck adherent, and suspended hung,
 Till the huge surge roll'd off: then backward sweep
 The reflux tides, and plunge him in the deep.
 As when the polypus, from forth his cave
 Torn, with full force reluctant beats the wave,

His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands :
 So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses' hands.
 And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
 The unhappy man ; e'en fate had been in vain :
 But all-subduing Pallas lent her pow'r,
 And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour ;
 Beyond the beating surge his course he bore
 (A wider circle, but in sight of shore),
 With longing eyes, observing, to survey
 Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.
 Between the parting rocks at length he spied
 A falling stream in gentler waters glide,
 Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
 And form'd a bay impervious to the wind :
 To this calm port the glad Ulysses press'd,
 And hail'd the river, and its god address'd :
 ' Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream un-
 known
 I bend, a suppliant at thy wat'ry throne,
 Hear, azure king ! nor let me fly in vain
 To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
 Heav'n hears and pities helpless men like me,
 For sacred e'en to gods is misery :

Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
 And save a suppliant, and a man distrest.'
 He pray'd, and strait the gentle stream sub-
 sides—
 Detains the rushing current of his tides—
 Before the wand'rer smooths the wat'ry way,
 And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
 That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
 He dropt his sinewy arms : his knees no more
 Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld :
 His swell'n heart heav'd ; his bloated body
 swell'd :
 From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran ;
 And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
 Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath,
 The soul scarce waking, in the arms of death.
 Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
 The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound :
 Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
 His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
 Behind him far, upon the purple waves,
 The waters waft it, and the nymph receives."
Odyssey, book v.

No. 1008.

Nausicaa presenting garments to Ulysses after his shipwreck.

ILLOS. *Cornelian.*

Ulysses, exhausted by his late struggles in the sea, when he arrived on shore in Phæacia, threw himself under the shade of some trees on the bank of the river, and fell asleep. Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous the king, came to the river, attended by her maids, to wash the robes of state, preparatory to her own marriage. While the clothes were drying, she and her attendants amused themselves with play. Their noisy mirth awoke Ulysses. Having wrapped some leaves about his person, he appealed to the princess for assistance. She gave him food and raiment, and advised him to go to the palace, and throw himself on the compassion of the sovereign : he did so. Alcinous entertained him hospitably, and, after hearing his adventures, enabled him to reach home. It is stated that his benefactress Nausicaa was afterwards married to his son Telemachus. Ulysses addresses Nausicaa :—

" If thy race
 Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,

Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung—
 Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung—

Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
 To such a miracle of charms allied;
 Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
 When stately in the dance you swim th' harmonious maze:
 But blest o'er all the youth, with heav'nly charms,
 Who clasps thy bright perfection in his arms!
 Never, I never view'd till this blest hour
 Such finish'd grace! I gaze and I adore!
 Thus seems the palm, with stately honours crown'd,
 By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground,
 The pride of Delos. By the Delian coast
 I voyag'd, leader of a warrior host,
 But ah how chang'd! from thence my sorrow flows;
 O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!
 Raptur'd I stood, and as this hour amaz'd,
 With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:
 Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
 A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.
 Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
 For misery, O queen, before thee stands!
 Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
 To roaring billows and the warring wind;
 Heav'n bade the deep to spare! but heav'n, my foe,
 Spares only to inflict some mightier woe!
 Inur'd to cares—to death in all its forms—
 Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!

Once more I view the face of human kind:
 Oh, let soft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!
 Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
 Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.
 Propitious to my wants, a vest supply,
 To guard the wretch from the inclement sky:
 So may the gods, who heav'n and earth control,
 Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul—
 On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed—
 Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed—
 Blest be thy husband with a blooming race,
 And lasting union crown your blissful days.
 The gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
 Firm union on their favourites below:
 Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
 The good exult, and heav'n is in our state.'
 To whom the nymph: 'O stranger, cease thy care:
 Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
 Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
 And the good suffers while the bad prevails.
 Bear with a soul resign'd the will of Jove:
 Who breathes must mourn: thy woes are from above.
 But since thou treadst our hospitable shore,
 'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more—
 To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide:
 Know the Phæacian tribes this land divide:
 From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring—
 A happy nation, and a happy king.'"

Nausicaa directs her maids to attend Ulysses.

" 'By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
 And what to those we give to Jove is lent.
 Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs,
 Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.'
 Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
 To the calm current of the secret tide;
 Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
 A vest and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay;
 Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
 That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.'"

Odyssey, book vi.

No. 1009.

Ulysses a suppliant before Alcinous, and his queen Arete.

ASPASIOS. *Cornelian.*

Ulysses was enabled, by the aid of Minerva, to escape notice, until he threw himself at the feet of the king and queen.

“ Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for rest, and off'ring to the god*
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod,
Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night;
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress'd,
Silent they gaze, and eye the god-like guest.

‘ Daughter of great Rhexenor!’ thus began,
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man,
‘ To thee—thy consort, and this royal train—
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends : oh, pity human woe !
’Tis what the happy to th’ unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race—
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest !’

Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echeneus sage, a venerable man ;
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass'd,
And join'd to that th' experience of the last.

Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

‘ Oh sight,’ he cried, ‘ dishonest and unjust !
A guest—a stranger, seated in the dust !
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo ! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way !†
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.’

His sage advice the list'ning king obeys,
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his best belov'd),
There next his side the god-like hero sat ;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
The table next in regal order spread,
The glitt'ring canisters are heap'd with bread :
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and favour—rich repast !
Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,
And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way.”

Odyssey, book vii.

* Mercury.

† Jupiter Xenius, or Jove the tutelar god of hospitality, under whose protection every suppliant was believed to be the moment he seated himself at the hearthside of a stranger's house.

No. 1010.

Demodocus playing and reciting the story of the Trojan horse to
Alcinous and Ulysses.DIOSCORIDES. *Hyacinth*, called *Guarnaccino*.

On the following day Alcinous appointed public games, at which Ulysses greatly signalised himself. In the evening, at the public banquet, Demodocus, the bard and minstrel, who had before entertained the company with a recital of the amours of Mars and Venus, was requested by Ulysses to sing and play the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses having wept at the recital, Alcinous is led to inquire his name and fortunes. Then Ulysses relates his adventures.

“Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares—

Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd—
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part:
'This let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
The muse the bard inspires—exalts his mind—
The muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.'

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.

When now the rage of hunger is allay'd,
Thus to the lyrist wise Ulysses said:
'O more than man! thy soul the muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who by Phœbus uninformed could know
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?
Just to the tale as present at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day,
The song recals past horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
Th' Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:

How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
The god himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task henceforth to raise
In ev'ry land thy monument of praise.'

Full of the god he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main:—
How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
While from the shores the winged navy flies—
How even in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands—
All Troy upheav'd the steed—of diff'ring mind,
Various the Trojans counsell'd—part consign'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave—
The unwise award to lodge it in the towers,
An off'ring sacred to the immortal powers—
The unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls—
Destruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

He sung the Greeks stern issuing from the
steed,
How Ilion burns—how all her fathers bleed—
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends
The Spartan king—how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights—subdues: for Pallas strings his arms!

Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground be-
dew.

As some fond matron views in mortal fight
Her husband falling in his country's right;
Frantic through clashing swords she runs—she
flies,

As ghastly pale he groans—and faints—and dies!
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping
wound;

She cries—she shrieks! the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mocks her violence of woe,
To chains condemn'd as wildly she deplores,
A widow, and a slave, on foreign shores!
So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd. The king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:

Then to the bard aloud; 'O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
To ev'ry note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe:
Thy lay too deeply moves. Then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet ev'ry heart be gay.

This social right demands: for him the sails,
Floating in air, invite the impelling gales;
His are the gifts of love: the wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.

But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims):
Say from what city—from what regions tost;
And what inhabitants those regions boast?"

Odyssey, book viii.

No. 1011.

Polyphemus closing the door of his cavern on Ulysses and his
companions.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

The Cyclops (i.e. the *round-eyed*) were described as a race of cannibals, of gigantic stature, residing near Mount Ætna, having each but one eye, and this circular, in the forehead. On comparing several explanations of this fable, the best appears to me to be, that they were people of large dimensions—of unsocial and ferocious disposition—worshippers of the sun, of which they wore a bright metal representation on their foreheads; and that they sacrificed all strangers to their divinity, which was a custom among many ancient nations, as I have shewn in this work (*Addenda et Corrigenda*, No. 116, class I.). Ulysses, with a few companions, having landed on the island on an exploring excursion, entered the cave of one of them—Polyphemus. Soon after the savage enters, bringing his sheep with him, and closes the cavern with an enormous rock. He then discovers the visitors, and devours some of them. Next morning he goes out, shutting the survivors in: on his return he makes a similar meal. Then Ulysses, in order to pacificate him, presents to him a cask of very strong wine (which he had previously brought), in order to help his digestion. This the giant quaffs off, telling Ulysses that for his kindness he will devour him the last, and drops asleep. Ulysses then sharpens the end of a huge pole, which he hardens in the fire, and bores out the eye of Polyphemus.

Polyphemus starting up, sober and awake, throws open the cavern-door, and there remains groping, in the hope of catching his torturers as they escape. However, they do escape—by hanging under the bellies of the large thick-fleeced sheep as they go out—and carry off the sheep. When they are rowing off, Ulysses raises a shout of triumph: then Polyphemus hurls after the boat a huge rock, that creates such a swell that the boat is well nigh swamped.

The subjoined quotations, which it is better to give as a consecutive whole, will explain this and the five following subjects.

“When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view—
High, and with dark’ning laurels cover’d o’er,
Where sheep and goats lay slumb’ring round the
shore—

Near this a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o’er-arching pine and spreading oak.
A giant-shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin’d;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.

A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face:
As some lone mountain’s monstrous growth he
stood,
Crown’d with rough thickets, and a nodding
wood.

I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek the adventure, and forsake the rest:
Then took a goatskin fill’d with precious wine,
The gift of Maron, of Evanthus’ line.

Such was the wine, to quench whose fervent
steam,
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic’d: the goblet crown’d
Breath’d aromatic fragrances around.
Of this an ample vase we heav’d aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor’d.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barb’rous power—
Some rustic wretch, who liv’d in heav’n’s de-
spite,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.

The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green).
But round the grot we gaze, and all we view,
In order rang’d, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses press’d,
The folded flocks each sep’rate from the rest,
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall’n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish’d from the lambkin lies);
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provision hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away—
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin’d,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends—
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!

Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaden shelves afford us full repast.
We sit expecting. Lo, he comes at last!
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the pond’rous burden at the door:
It thunder’d as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driv’n before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, the unnumber’d
flock:

Big-udder’d ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn’d in outward courts be-
hind).

Then, heav’d on high, a rock’s enormous weight
To the cave’s mouth he roll’d, and clos’d the gate

(Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mothers' teat submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hard'ning cheese he press'd,
And high in wicker baskets heap'd; the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supplied his nightly feast.
His labour done, he fired the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.

Ulysses tells him they are Greeks returning from the Trojan war, and endeavours to enlist his sympathy.

"He answer'd with his deed: his bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band,
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains;
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then, stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay senseless and supine amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumb'ring monster to the ground,
My soul impels me; and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate;
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes—he lights the fire—he milks the dams,
And to the mothers' teat submits the lambs.

We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
'What are ye, guests? on what adventure,
say,
Thus far ye wander through the wat'ry way?
Pirates perhaps, who seek, through seas unknown,
The lives of others, and expose your own.'
His voice like thunder through the cavern sounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man.
At length, with heart recover'd, I began."

The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches—murders, and devours!
Then pleas'd and whistling, drives his flock before;
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again; with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills;
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, e'en in the last despair
I thought—devis'd—and Pallas heard my prayer!
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spied,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane;
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire,
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the vent'rous deed should try:
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye

To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of
blood.

Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four—
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock;
Not one, or male or female, stay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some god design'd).
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
'Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest:
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.'

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted swill'd the large luxurious draught.
'More! give me more!' he cried: 'the boon be
thine,
Whoe'er thou art, that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as the unblest Cyclopean climes produce
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our
fields);

But this descended from the blest abodes,
A rill of nectar streaming from the gods.'

He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume:
While thus my fraudulent speech I re-assume.
'Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title: *No-man* is my name.

By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.'

The giant then: 'Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
No-man shall be the last I shall devour.'

He said: then, nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropt his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulder hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep, that tames the
strong;
There belch'd the mingled steams of wine and
blood,

And human flesh, his undigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was), and sparkl'd fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present god, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them, from a rising ground,
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and
round.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood:
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow
black;

The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when arm'ers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake;
Thus in his eyeball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding-caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:

Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
 With voice like thunder, and a direful yell !
 From all their dens the one-eyed race repair—
 From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
 All haste assembl'd, at his well-known roar—
 Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern-door.

‘What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange
 affright

Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
 Does any mortal in th’ unguarded hour
 Of sleep oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
 Or thieves insidious the fair flocks surprise?’
 Thus they. The Cyclops from his den replies:

‘Friends, *No-man* kills me: *No-man*, in the
 hour

Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power.’

‘If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine

Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:

To Jove, or to thy father Neptune pray,’

The brethren cried, and instant strode away.

Joy touch’d my secret soul and conscious heart,
 Pleas’d with the effect of conduct and of art.

Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
 Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and
 round:

At last, the stone removing from the gate,

With hands extended in the midst he sate;

And search’d each passing sheep, and felt it o’er,

Secure to seize us ere we reach’d the door;

(Such as his shallow wit he deem’d was mine).

But secret I revolv’d the deep design:

’Twas for our lives my lab’ring bosom wrought;

Each scheme I turn’d, and sharpen’d every
 thought:

This way and that I cast to save my friends,

Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.

Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
 Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.

These, three and three, with osier bands we tied
 (The twining bands the Cyclop’s bed supplied);

The midmost bore a man; the outward two

Secur’d each side: so bound we all the crew.

One ram remain’d, the leader of the flock;

In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,

And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,

There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.

When rosy morning glimmer’d o’er the dales,

He drove to pasture all the lusty males:

The ewes still folded, with distended thighs

Unmilk’d, lay bleating in distressful cries.

But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,

He felt their fleeces as they pass’d along

(Fool that he was), and let them safely go,

All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master-ram at last approach’d the gate,

Charg’d with his wool and with Ulysses’ fate.

Him while he past, the monster blind bespoke:

‘What makes my lamb the lag of all the flock?

First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,

First to the field and river’s bank to lead,

And first, with stately step, at ev’ning hour

Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.

Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow

Thou mov’st, as conscious of thy master’s woe!

Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?

(The deed of *No-man* and his wicked train.)

Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,

And would but fate the power of speech afford,

Soon mightst thou tell me, where in secret here

The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear.

Swung round and round, and dash’d from rock to
 rock,

His batter’d brains should on the pavement
 smoke.

No ease, no pleasure, my sad heart receives,

While such a monster as vile *No-man* lives.’

The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock

Dismiss’d the ram, the father of the flock.

No sooner freed, and through the enclosure past,

First I release myself, my fellows last.

Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,

And reach our vessel on the winding shore.

With joy the sailors view their friends return’d,

And hail us living whom as dead they mourn’d.

Big tears of transport stand in ev’ry eye:

I check their fondness, and command to fly.

Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,

And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear,
With taunts the distant giant I accost:
'Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barb'rous breach of hospitable bands,
The god—the god revenges by my hands.'

These words the Cyclop's burning rage pro-
voke:

From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thund'ring on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and reflux beat the
shore.

The strong concussion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side.

Again I shov'd her off: our fate to fly
Each nerve we stretch, and ev'ry oar we ply.
Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raise my voice; my friends, afraid,
With mild entreaties my design dissuade.
'What boots the godless giant to provoke,
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.
The sounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.'

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
'Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigur'd thus that eyeless face;
Say 'twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed declare,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair—
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.'

No. 1012.

Polyphemus devouring one of the companions of Ulysses.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonys.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1013.

Ulysses pouring out the wine for Polyphemus.

CHROMIOS. *Calcedony.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1014.

Ulysses and his companions boring out the eye of Polyphemus.

DAMPHILOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1015.

Ulysses and his companions escaping from the cave of Polyphemus.

ATHENION. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1016.

Polyphemus hurling a rock at the ship of Ulysses.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonix.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1017.

Ulysses receiving from Æolus a bag that encloses the Winds.

POLYCLETES. *Cornelian.*

Ulysses having arrived at the island of Æolus, king of the winds, Æolus gave him prosperous winds at his departure, and enclosed the adverse winds in a bag which he gave him, telling him to keep it carefully closed. But his companions having opened the bag from curiosity, the winds flew out and drove back the ships. Ulysses again supplicated the aid of Æolus, but Æolus refused his prayer. The following quotation will be sufficient for this and the three succeeding subjects.

“This happy port affords our wand’ring fleet
A month’s reception and a safe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg’d me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told: at length for parting mov’d;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv’d.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac’d—
Compress’d their force, and lock’d each struggling
blast:
For him the mighty sire of gods assign’d
The tempest’s lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the list’ning storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.

These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely fetter’d by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg’d to fill and guide the swelling sails.
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine prosp’rous days we plied the lab’ring oar,
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon’s friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress’d,
Complied to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home possess’d my heart),

When lo! on board a fond debate arose,
 What rare device those vessels might enclose?
 What sum—what prize from Æolus I brought?
 Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his
 thought:

'Say whence, ye gods, contending nations strive
 Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
 Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
 While we, the wretched partners of his toils,
 Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
 And only rich in barren fame return.
 Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
 But come, my friends, these mystic gifts ex-
 plore.'

They said: and (oh, curs'd fate!) the thongs un-
 bound—

The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round!
 Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
 The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
 Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
 If still to live, or desperate plunge to fate:
 Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
 Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.

Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid plain,
 And soon the known Æolian coast regain;
 Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main;
 We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast
 Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd:
 That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
 Our second progress to my royal friend;

And him amidst his jovial sons we found,
 The banquet streaming, and the goblets crown'd:
 There humbly stopp'd, with conscious shame and
 awe,

Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.
 But soon his sons their well-known guest de-
 sried,

And, starting from their couches, loudly cried,
 'Ulysses here! what demon couldst thou meet
 To thwart thy passage and repel thy fleet?
 Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
 For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear?'
 Thus they: in silence long my fate I mourn'd,
 At length these words with accent low return'd:
 'Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
 Of all the blessings of your god-like gift!

But grant, O grant our loss we may retrieve;
 A favour you, and you alone, can give.'

Thus I with art to move their pity tried,
 And touch'd the youths, but their stern sire re-
 plied:

'Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
 Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallowed land.
 His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,
 Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the gods.'

Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
 And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
 The sailors, spent with toils, their folly mourn,
 But mourn in vain—no prospect of return!"

Odyssey, book x.

No. 1018.

Ulysses carrying the bag which contains the Winds.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

No. 1019.

The companions of Ulysses opening the bag which contains the Winds.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1020.

Æolus rejecting the prayer of Ulysses.

DIOSCORIDES. *Sardonyx*.

See concluding part of preceding quotation.*

No. 1021.

The Læstrygonian giants hurling rocks at the fleet of Ulysses.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx*.

Ulysses lost the chief part of his fleet and crew among these giant cannibals, to whose coast in Sicily he was driven after leaving the Æolides.

“Balk’d of his prey, the yelling monster
flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries :
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And pouring down the mountains, crowd the
shore.
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below :
The crackling vessels burst ; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies ;
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cramm’d their filthy throats with human
food.

Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut—I call’d to weigh ;
And charg’d my men, as they from fate would
fly,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word their oars to seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas ;
Clear of the rocks th’ impatient vessel flies,
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber’d dies.
With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
While kindling transports glow’d at our success ;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool’d ev’ry breast, and damp’d the rising joy.”

Odyssey, book x.

* The most probable solution of these fables is, that the king of seven islands in the Sicilian Sea (now known as the Lipari islands), from his knowledge of astronomy, his long and acute observation of the winds, became what is termed *weather-wise* ; and from his dexterous management of sails, could, as it were, “govern the storm.” So the Phœnicians, who traded in those seas, called him king *Aolin*, from *aol*, a *tempest* ; whence the Greek word *æëlla*, and his name Æolos. He gave Ulysses such correct instructions how to shape his course, and avail himself of the shifting currents of wind, that he may be said to have kept the adverse winds confined. But when Ulysses fell asleep through exhaustion, his crew disobeyed the instructions, and were driven back.

No. 1022.

Ulysses in the island of Circe killing a stag.

POLYCLETES. *Cornelian.*

Ulysses was next cast on *Æëa*, an island (or rather a promontory resembling an island) on the coast of Italy, the residence of Circe, the famous enchantress.

“Two days and nights roll’d on,
And now the third succeeding morning shone :
I climb’d a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o’erlook’d a shady length of land ;
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear.
From the high point I mark’d, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe’s palace bosom’d in the grove.

Thither to haste, the region to explore,
Was first my thought : but speeding back to
shore,
I deem’d it best to visit first my crew,
And send our spies the dubious coast to view.
As down the hill I solitary go,
Some pow’r divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the crystal flood ;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch’d forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I launch’d my spear, and with a sudden wound,
Transpiere’d his back, and fix’d him to the
ground.

He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries :
Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river-side
The bloody spear, his gather’d feet I tied
With twining osiers, which the bank supplied.
An ell in length the pliant whisp I weav’d,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav’d :
Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,
Upbore my load, and press’d the sinking sands
With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew :
‘Cheer up, my friends ! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts through Pluto’s gloomy
gate.

Food in the desert land, behold ! is giv’n :
Live, and enjoy the providence of heav’n.’
The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast ;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
There, till the setting sun roll’d down the light,
They sat indulging in the genial rite.”

Odyssey, book x.

No. 1023.

Ulysses dragging the stag to the ship.

DIOSCORIDES. *Amethyst.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1024.

Circe, Eurylochus, and the metamorphosed companions of Ulysses.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst.*

The explanation and the moral of this transformation into swine are, that these sailors became brutalised by gross indulgence in this place, where there was every incentive to laziness and sensuality. As Circe was the daughter of the sun, she wears here on her head a representation of that luminary.

“ In equal parts I straight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command ;
I led the one ; and of the other side
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And fortune casts Eurylochus to go.
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train :
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.

The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone ; a shaded space around :
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam
(By magic tam'd), familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give) :
Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near ;
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding through the wood :
Plac'd at her loom within, the goddess sung ;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour ! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd) :
' What voice celestial, chanting to the loom
(Or nymph or goddess), echoes from the room ?

Say, shall we seek access ? With that they call ;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.

The goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way :
Eurylochus, alone of all the band
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around, with downy coverings grac'd,
With semblance fair th' unhappy men she plac'd.
Milk newly press'd, the sacred flow'r of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat :
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl
With drugs of force to darken all the soul.
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast :
Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine :
Head, face, and members bristle into swine :
Still curst with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they
groan.

Meanwhile the goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food ! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as the feast, around ;
Now prone and grov'ling on unsav'ry ground.

Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns, the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay ;
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His swelling heart denied the words their way.”

Odyssey, book x.

No. 1025.

Ulysses receiving the plant *moly* from Mercury, as a charm.

MYRON. *Amethyst.*

When Ulysses heard of the fate of his companions from Eurylochus, he armed himself, and proceeded to the residence of Circe. On his way he was accosted by Mercury.

“ A form divine forth issued from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod),
In human semblance : on his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each op'ning grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began :
' Ah, whither roam'st thou ? much-enduring
man !

O blind to fate ! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove ?
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of sties.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape ?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal. First thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the gods bestow.
The plant I give through all the direful bow'r
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise :
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.

Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the
word,

Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,
And menace death : those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms :
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The pow'rs below, the blessed in the sky ;
Lest to the naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent.'

Thus while he spoke, the sov'reign plant he
drew,

Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And shew'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r :
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r ;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find ;
But all is easy to th' ethereal kind."

Odyssey, book x.

No. 1026.

Ulysses quaffing off Circe's cup.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

“ This Hermes gave, then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.
While full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to th' enchanted dome :
Arriv'd before the lofty gates, I stay'd ;
The lofty gates the goddess wide display'd.

She leads before, and to the feast invites ;
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Receiv'd her limbs ; a footstool eas'd her feet :
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul ;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.

I took and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n.
 Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was
 giv'n;
 'Hence, to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)
 Go, be a beast!'—I heard, and yet was—man!
 Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
 My beamy faulchion, I assault the dame.
 Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
 She faints—she falls—she lifts her weeping eyes.
 'What art thou, say? from whence—from
 whom you came?
 O more than human! tell thy race—thy name.
 Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!
 Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
 Or art thou he, the man to come (foretold
 By Hermes, pow'rful with the wand of gold),
 The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean
 round—
 The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd—

Ulysses! oh! thy threat'ning fury cease—
 Sheathe thy bright sword, and join our hands in
 peace;
 Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
 And love and love-born confidence be thine.'
 'And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
 Can love and love-born confidence be mine
 Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
 Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own?
 O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led
 To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed,
 That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
 And magic bind me, cold and impotent?
 Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
 Or swear that oath by which the gods are tied—
 Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain—
 Swear, by the vow which never can be vain.'
 The goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led
 To the sweet transports of the genial bed."

Odyssey, book x.

No. 1027.

Circe supplicating Ulysses.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1028.

Circe soliciting Ulysses to feast.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst.*

"The table in fair order spread,
 They heap the glitt'ring cannisters with bread;
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
 Of choicest sort and savour—rich repast!
 Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
 Absent I ponder, and absorb'd in care.
 While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
 The queen beheld me, and these words address'd:

'Why stands Ulysses silent and apart,
 Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
 Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
 And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
 Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
 When sworn that oath which never can be vain?'
 I answer'd: 'Goddess, humane is thy breast,
 By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:

Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me wouldst thou please? for them thy cares employ,
And them to me restore, and me to joy.'

With that she parted: in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand;
Then hast'ning to the sties, set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before.
Unwieldy out they rush'd, with gen'ral cry,
Enormous beasts! dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change again,
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.

Those hairs of late that bristl'd ev'ry part,
Fall off—miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.

They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran
o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echo'd through the bow'r:
E'en Circe wept; her adamant heart
Felt pity enter; and sustain'd her part."

Odyssey, book x.

No. 1029.

Circe restoring the companions of Ulysses to their original form.

ATHENION. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1030.

Ulysses soliciting Circe for permission to return home.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

"But when the shades came on at ev'ning hour,
And all lay slumb'ring in the dusky bow'r,
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:
'Be mindful, goddess, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lords my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.'
'Go, then!' she cried; 'ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the fates your wish deny.

Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban bard depriv'd of sight,
Within irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephone entire and whole
Gave to retain th' unseparated soul:
The rest are forms of empty ether made,
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.'"

Odyssey, book x.

* Ulysses had by Circe a son named Telegonus. Eustathius ingeniously observes, that the reason why Circe declares to Ulysses the necessity of consulting the great prophet Tiresias in the infernal regions, was, that as he would learn from him that his death was to come from the sea, he might be induced, on his return, to avoid the dangers of the voyage home, and remain with her.

No. 1031.

Circe pointing out to Ulysses one of his companions who chose to remain in his brutalised state.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

Although Homer does not say that any of the companions of Ulysses preferred to remain, yet this is the account given by some authors, to which Horace (ep. vi. b. 1) refers.

No. 1032.

Ulysses listening to the Sirens.

CHROMIOS. *Aquamarine.*

When Ulysses refused to remain any longer with Circe, she, among other instructions for his safe voyage, directed him how to avoid the Sirens. The Sirens were reported to be beautiful females, inhabiting a part of the rocky coast of Sicily, and possessing a superhuman and irresistible power of melody, by which they attracted mariners to their coast, and caused their destruction. Of the many explanations of this fable, the best attested and most simple is, that they were seductive and profligate women, in league with robbers and murderers, who were in the habit of luring sailors to their ruin. Ulysses avoided the danger by stuffing the ears of his crew with wax, and ordering that he himself should be bound to the mast, and his commands to land disobeyed.

“ ‘ Next, where the Sirens dwell you plough
the seas ;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curs'd shore, and listen to the lay ;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring or his beauteous wife !
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground ;

The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dang'rous coast ; let ev'ry ear
Be stopp'd against the song : 'tis death to hear !
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, and added band to
band.' ”

Ulysses addresses his crew—

“ ‘ O friends ! oh, ever partners of my woes !
Attend while I what heav'n foredooms disclose ;
Hear all ! fate hangs o'er all ! on you it lies
To live or perish : to be safe be wise !

In flow'ry meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay.

Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The gods allow to hear the dang'rous sound.
Hear, and obey : if freedom I demand,
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.'
While yet I speak, the winged galley flies,
And, lo ! the Siren shores like mists arise.

Sunk were at once the winds ; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move :
Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the
 deep—
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to
 sleep.

Now ev'ry sail we furl—each oar we ply ;
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments ; and the fragments roll'd :
Th' aërial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray ;
Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of frenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire describes ;

Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song :
 ' O stay, O pride of Greece ! Ulysses, stay !
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay !
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear ;
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach ! thy soul shall into raptures rise !
Approach ! and learn new wisdom from the wise !
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame—
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise !'
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main ;
My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain ;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free :
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea ;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay :
Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.'"

Odyssey, book xii.

No. 1033.

Lampetia announcing to her father Apollo the slaughter of his
sacred oxen.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

Circe warned Ulysses to avoid, on his arrival in Sicily, killing any of a herd of oxen which were consecrated to Apollo ; but while Ulysses slept, his companions, impelled by hunger, killed some of them. The consequence was, that after their departure they were shipwrecked, and all perished, except Ulysses, who floated, on the mast tied to the helm, to the island of Calypso, who, at the suggestion of Mercury, afforded him a hospitable reception.

" Meantime Lampetia mounts th' aërial way,
And kindles into rage the god of day.
' Vengeance, ye pow'rs !' he cries ; ' and thou
 whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand !
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of heav'n I pour the day,
Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray :
Vengeance, ye gods ! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below !'

To whom the thund'ring pow'r : ' O source of
 day !
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams through heav'n's bright por-
 tals rise,
The joy of earth and glory of the skies :
Lo ! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide !' "

Odyssey, book xii.

When Mercury (book v.) delivered to Calypso the command of Jupiter to allow Ulysses to depart, she says:—

“ A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to save ;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone—abandon’d—in mid-ocean tost—
The sport of winds, and driv’n from ev’ry coast,
Hither this man of miseries I led—
Receiv’d the friendless, and the hungry fed.”

No. 1035.

The Phæacian sailors laying Ulysses asleep under the shelter
of a tree.

Nisos. *Cornelian.*

Ulysses, after remaining a few days at the court of Alcinous, was sent to Ithaca by that monarch. Having fallen asleep on board, he was conveyed on shore, and laid under a tree. M. Dacier says: “It was necessary for Ulysses to land alone, in order to his concealment. If he had been discovered, the suitors would have destroyed him—if not as the real Ulysses, at least under the pretext of his being an impostor: they would then have seized on Penelope and his dominions. Even if he had been awake, the Phæacians could not have afforded him sufficient assistance.” Ulysses only required to be landed on the coast. This the Phæacians did; and, to avoid discovery, they made the voyage to the island at night, and sailed off again without delay.

“ Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies:
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man—in wisdom equal to a god !
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore ;
All which soft sleep now banish’d from his breast,
Wrapp’d in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning-star, with early ray,
Flam’d in the front of heav’n, and promis’d day,
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca’s emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorey’s pow’r, whose name it bears :
Two craggy rocks, projecting to the main,
The roaring winds’ tempestuous rage restrain ;

the time when judges retire to dinner. Before the use of dials or clocks, the ancients distinguished the periods of the day by some remarkable offices or stated occupations. We must here suppose, that as Ulysses was not doomed to perish, he was enabled, by divine assistance, to cling for ten days to the mast without sustenance.

Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
 And ships secure without their halsers ride.
 High at the head a branching olive grows,
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
 Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
 Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas;
 Where bowls and urns were form'd of living
 stone,
 And massy beams in native marble shone;
 On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
 Within the cave the clust'ring bees attend
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend:

Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
 Two marble doors unfold on either side:
 Sacred the south, by which the gods descend,
 But mortals enter at the northern end.
 Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand):
 Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
 And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.
 His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
 In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
 Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
 Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main."
 Odyssey, book xiii.

No. 1036.

Ulysses shewing his goods to Minerva who is disguised as a shepherd.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

When Ulysses awoke, there was such a mist around him, caused by Minerva to secure his concealment, that he was unable to distinguish the features of the country, or know where he was.

"Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy
 store—
 The gold, the vests, the tripods number'd
 o'er:
 All these he found, but still, in error lost,
 Disconsolate he wanders on the coast—
 Sighs for his country, and laments again
 To the deaf rocks, and hoarse resounding main.
 When, lo! the guardian-goddess of the wise,
 Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
 In show a youthful swain of form divine,
 Who seem'd descended from some princely
 line.

A graceful robe her slender body dress'd;
 Around her shoulders flew the waving vest;
 Her decent hand a shining jav'lin bore;
 And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
 To whom the king: 'Whoe'er of human race
 Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place,
 With joy to thee, as to some god, I bend—
 To thee my treasures and myself commend.
 O tell a wretch, in exile doom'd to stray,
 What air I breathe, what country I survey?
 The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
 Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms sur-
 round?"

Odyssey, book xiii.

The shepherd informs him that he is in Ithaca. Ulysses then tells the shepherd that he is a stranger from Crete—

"But tempests tost,
 And raging billows drove us on your coast.
 In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.

But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore."

Odyssey, book xiii.

No. 1037.

Ulysses and Minerva concealing the goods of Ulysses.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian*.

"Thus while he spoke, the blue-eyed maid
began
With pleasing smiles to view the god-like man:
Then chang'd her form; and now, divinely
bright,
Jove's heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to sight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
'O still the same Ulysses!' she rejoin'd,
'In useful craft successfully refin'd;
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?

But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well—
To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine:
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years' wand'ring, and through ten
years' war—
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade—
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid;
And now appear thy treasures to protect—
Conceal thy person—thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from fate expect."

Odyssey, book xiii.

The mist is dispelled, and Ulysses expresses joyful gratitude.

"Then thus Minerva: 'From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult.' She spoke, and trod
The shady grot, that brighten'd with the god.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes Ulysses brought,
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd:
The entrance with a rock the goddess clos'd."

Odyssey, book xiii.

No. 1038.

Same subject.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

No. 1039.

Minerva transforming Ulysses into the appearance of an old man.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Minerva apprises Ulysses of the wretched state of Penelope and his affairs, and of the departure of Telemachus to the court of Menelaus; and tells him it is necessary for his purpose that he assume the appearance of a ragged old man, and first go to the cottage of his faithful servant Eumæus.

"Now seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the hero and the martial maid:
The goddess of the azure eyes began.

She spake: then touch'd him with her pow'ful
wand—

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.

His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
A stag's torn hide is lapt around his reins;
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
Wide patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
So look'd the chief—so mov'd! to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To Sparta flies—Telemachus her care."

Odyssey, book xiii.

No. 1040.

Ulysses attacked by the dogs of Eumæus.

GNAIOS. *Calcedony.*

Eumæus entertains Ulysses, who retains his disguise, and represents himself as a Cretan who had gone through many adventures.

"But he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd,
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.

Ulysses found him, busied as he sate
Before the threshold of his rustic gate.
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of rugged stone
(In absence of his lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile):

The wall was stone, from neighb'ring quarries
borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak—
Frequent and thick. Within the space were
rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd;
Doom'd to supply the suitors' wasteful feast—
A stock by daily luxury decreas'd;
Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here sat Eumæus, and his cares applied
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;

The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train.
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And wearied heav'n with wishes for his lord.
Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sat the sage; and, cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.*
Sudden the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With show'rs of stones he drives them far away;
The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay.
'Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
Began, with accent gracious and humane)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.'"

Odyssey, book xiv.

No. 1041.

Minerva warning Telemachus to return to Ithaca.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonyx*.

"Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaus reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir—
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was laid.
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When, 'O Telemachus!' the goddess said,
'Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd;
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
E'en now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.

Hence to Atrides, and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore:
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes and her sire's commands;
Through both, Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
Thou know'st the practice of their female train:
Lost in the children of the present spouse,
They slight the pledges of the former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till heav'n decrees to bless thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a power divine:

* It is, says Eustathius, a natural defence to avert the fury of a dog, to cast away our weapons, to shew that we intend to offer him no violence. Pliny has a similar remark in the eighth book of his Natural History.

For thee their snares the suitor-lords shall lay
 In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca;
 To seize thy life shall lurk the murd'rous band,
 Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
 No!—sooner far their riot and their lust
 All-cov'ring earth shall bury deep in dust!
 Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
 Nor let the night retard thy full career;
 Thy heav'nly guardian shall instruct the gales
 To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
 And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
 Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;

But seek thou first the master of the swine
 (For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline):
 There pass the night; while he his course pursues,
 To bring Penelope the wished-for news,
 That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
 Art come to bless her in thy native land.'

Thus spoke the goddess, and resum'd her flight
 To the pure regions of eternal light.
 Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,
 And with these words the slumb'ring youth awakes:
 'Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare,
 And join the harness'd coursers to the car.'"

Odyssey, book xv.

No. 1042.

Theoclymenus, the augur, interpreting the omen of the hawk and dove
 to Telemachus.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx*.

Theoclymenus was an augur, who fled from Argos to Pylos in consequence of an accidental homicide. Having arrived when Telemachus was about to sail, and having ascertained who he was, he implored him to receive him on board: with this request Telemachus complied. When they arrived in Ithaca, Telemachus directs him to proceed to the palace, while he himself proposes to visit Eumæus. It was then they witnessed this omen.

"Thus speaking, on the right up-soar'd in air
 The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger:
 His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
 The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
 Between the hero and the vessel pour
 Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine show'r.
 Th' observing augur took the prince aside,
 Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:

'Yon bird, that dexter cuts th' aërial road,
 Rose ominous, nor flies without a god:
 No race but thine shall Ithaca obey—
 To thine, for ages, heav'n decrees the sway.'
 'Succeed the omen, gods!' the youth rejoin'd;
 'Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,
 And soon each envied happiness attend
 The man who calls Telemachus his friend.'"

Odyssey, book xv.

No. 1043.

Ulysses restored by Minerva to his original appearance and vigour.

PHILEMON. *Cornelian*.

Telemachus having arrived at the cottage of Eumæus, enters into a long conversation with the mendicant stranger, whose condition he pities; and despatches Eumæus to announce his safe arrival to Penelope. Meantime Ulysses, who had previously urged Telemachus to take vengeance on the suitors, is restored to his original appearance by Minerva, and makes himself known to Telemachus.

"Then from the heav'ns the martial goddess
 flies
 Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the
 skies ;
 In form a virgin in soft beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
 Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd,
 But unapparent as a viewless shade
 Escap'd Telemachus (the pow'rs above,
 Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move).
 The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread
 Of pow'r divine, and, howling, trembling fled.*
 The goddess beck'ning waves her deathless hands;
 Dauntless the king before the goddess stands.
 'Then why,' she said, 'O favour'd of the skies!
 Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
 Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares em-
 ploy
 Against thy foes: be valiant, and destroy!
 Lo, I descend in that avenging hour,
 To combat by thy side—thy guardian pow'r!'

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold:
 Imperial robes his manly limbs enfold;
 At once with grace divine his frame improves;
 At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:
 Youth flush'd his redd'ning cheek, and from his
 brows
 A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
 The black'ning chin receives a deeper shade:
 Then from his eyes up-sprung the warrior-maid.
 The hero re-ascends: the prince, o'eraw'd,
 Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god.

Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears),
 'How art thou chang'd!' he cried; 'a god
 appears!
 Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace!
 Far other glories lighten from thy face!
 If heav'n be thy abode, with pious care,
 Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare;
 Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
 To win thy grace: O save us, pow'r divine!
 'Few are my days,' Ulysses made reply;
 'Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
 I am thy father! O my son! my son!—
 That father for whose sake thy days have run
 One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
 And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.'
 Then, rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy,
 With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
 Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
 He strain'd him close as to his breast he grew.
 'Ah me!' exclaims the prince, with fond desire,
 'Thou art not—no—thou canst not be my sire!
 Heav'n such illusion only can impose,
 By the false joy to aggravate my woes.
 Who but a god can change the gen'ral doom,
 And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
 Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod;
 Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a god!
 'Forbear!' he cried; 'for heav'n reserve that
 name—
 Give to thy father but a father's claim:
 Other Ulysses shalt thou never see;
 I am Ulysses; I, my son, am he!'

Odyssey, book xvi.

No. 1044.

Ulysses and his dog Argus.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonix*.

* This was an ancient belief, that the brute creation were sensible of the appearance of a supernatural spirit, when it was often invisible to mortals. It was the design of the goddess to be invisible to Telemachus only.

Measures having been concerted privately between the father and son for the destruction of the suitors, Telemachus proceeds to the palace, and is soon followed by Ulysses in the guise of a ragged mendicant, accompanied by Eumæus, who is still ignorant of the identity of Ulysses.

“Thus near the gates, conferring, as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
Bred by Ulysses, nourish’d at his board,
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call’d him o’er the main.
Till then, in ev’ry sylvan chase renown’d,
With ‘Argus! Argus!’ rung the woods around:
With him the youth pursu’d the goat or fawn,
Or trac’d the mazy lev’ret o’er the lawn.
Now left to man’s ingratitude, he lay
Unhous’d—neglected, in the public way!
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles took his sordid bed!

He knew his lord—he knew, and strove to
meet—

In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet!
Yet (all he could) his tail—his ears—his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys!
Soft pity touch’d the mighty master’s soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole—
Stole unperceiv’d: he turn’d his head, and dried
The drop humane; then thus impassion’d cried:

‘What noble beast, in this abandon’d state,
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses’ gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was in better days,

Some care his age deserves: or was he priz’d
For worthless beauty? therefore now despis’d?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish’d by their friends the great.’

‘Not Argus so,’ Eumæus thus rejoin’d,
‘But serv’d a master of a nobler kind,
Who never—never shall behold him more!
Long—long since perish’d on a distant shore!
O had you seen him, vig’rous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong:
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None ’scap’d him, bosom’d in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing! and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost.
The women keep the gen’rous creature bare—
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix’d it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.’

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door.
The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll’d,
Takes a last look, and having seen him—dies!
So clos’d for ever faithful Argus’ eyes!”

Odyssey, book xvii.

No. 1045.

Ulysses overthrowing the sturdy mendicant Irus.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

When Ulysses arrived at the palace, Telemachus ordered Eumæus to give him some food. Ulysses then went round to solicit the assembled guests for charity, giving a fictitious account of his many sufferings and adventures.

“ With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress!”

But Antinous, provoked by a remark of his, hurled a tripod at him.

“ His shoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle shock;
He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd;
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,
And thus, with semblance mild, address'd the crew.”

Odyssey, book xvii.

Penelope having heard that the poor wanderer had lately met Ulysses, makes an appointment to question him, after the retirement of the guests. Meantime Irus, a sturdy beggar, attempts to expel him as an intruder.

“ While fix'd in thought the pensive hero sate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind—
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind!
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
When on his mother's knees a babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day;
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common messenger to fly—
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.

‘ Hence, dotard!—hence! and timely speed
thy way,
Lest, dragg'd in vengeance, thou repent thy
stay!
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But, honouring age, in mercy I refrain:
In peace away! lest if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.’

To whom with stern regards: ‘ O insolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!
What bounty gives, without a rival share;
I ask—what harms not thee—to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live;
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?
Know from the bounteous heav'ns all riches flow,
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow.
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,
How wouldst thou fly, nor even in thought re-
turn!’

‘ Mere woman-glutton!’ thus the churl replied,
‘ A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some vile boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
Uproots the bearded corn? Rise—try the fight—
Gird well thy loins—approach, and feel my might!
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age.’ ”

The guests are delighted at the pleasant prospect of the battle; but Telemachus exacts a pledge from them that they will allow it to be a fair fight.

“ Now front to front each frowning champion
 stands,
 And poises high in air his adverse hands.
 The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
 To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
 Or save his life ; and soon his life to save
 The king resolves, for mercy sways the brave.
 That instant Irus his huge arms extends,
 Full on his shoulder the rude weight descends :
 The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
 The hero latent in the man of woes,
 Check'd half his might ; yet rising to the stroke,
 His jawbone dash'd ; the crashing jawbone broke :
 Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning
 wound—
 His feet extended quiv'ring beat the ground—
 His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood—
 His teeth all shatter'd rush immix'd with blood.
 The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
 With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies.

Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
 His length of carcass trailing prints the ground ;
 Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
 Till propp'd reclining on the palace-walls :
 Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
 And thus with just reproach address'd the slave :
 ‘ There ! terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
 A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train !
 But mercy to the poor and stranger shew,
 Lest heav'n in vengeance send some mightier
 woe.’

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
 The broad-patch'd scrip ; the scrip in tatters hung
 Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
 Then turning short, disdain'd a further stay,
 But to the palace measur'd back the way.
 There as he rested, gath'ring in a ring,
 The peers with smiles address'd their unknown
 king.”

Odyssey, book xviii.

No. 1046.

Minerva pouring on Penelope a cosmetic, which gives her additional
 beauty.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonix*.

Penelope, indignant that outrage should have been offered to a poor stranger within her
 palace, sends word that she means to appear before the guests.

“ Then while Eurynome the mandate bears,
 From heav'n Minerva shoots with guardian cares :
 O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,
 She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest—
 With ev'ry beauty ev'ry feature arms—
 Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her
 charms—
 In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires—
 (Immortal gifts ! to kindle soft desires)
 From limb to limb an air majestic sheds—
 And the pure iv'ry o'er her bosom spreads.

Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
 She smoothly gliding swims th' harmonious
 round,
 When with the Graces in the dance she moves,
 And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.
 Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends,
 And to the queen the damsel-train descends :
 Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes uncloze ;
 The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes.”

Odyssey, book xviii.

No. 1047.

The suitors giving presents to Penelope.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

Penelope having appeared before the suitors, is urged by them in flattering speeches to make her election. She dwells on her love for Ulysses, yet holds out to them some faint hopes; but delays her decision—of all which Ulysses is a witness. The suitors then make her presents.

“The peers despatch their heralds to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes;
The varying hues in gay confusion rise,
Rich from the artist's hand! twelve clasps of gold
Close to the less'ning waist the vest infold:
Down from the swelling loins the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves, redundant o'er the ground.

A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents; and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace, wrought with art;
And ev'ry peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And, slow behind, her damsel-train attends.”

Odyssey, book xviii.

No. 1048.

Ulysses and Melantho.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

“Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades:
Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming
burns,

And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the king: ‘Ill suits your sex to
stay

Alone with men: ye modest maids, away!
Go, with the queen the spindle guide, or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,
E'en till the morning lamp adorns the sky—
E'en till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.’

Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young
(Melantho, from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred),
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus: with eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:

‘Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain,
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair,
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,
Who, short'ning with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away.’

To whom with frowns : ' O impudent in wrong !
 Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue ;
 Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence :
 The scourge—the scourge shall lash thee into sense.'

With conscious shame they hear the stern re-
 buke,
 Nor longer durst sustain the sov'reign look."
Odyssey, book xviii.

No. 1049.

Ulysses and Telemachus carrying away the arms, while Minerva holds a torch to them.*

CHROMIOS. *Sardonix*.

After the suitors retired, Ulysses advised Telemachus to have his arms, which had remained hung up in the banqueting-hall, removed; and as most of the female attendants were in the interest of the suitors, Euryclea, the faithful nurse, was directed to lock them up in their chambers.

"Consulting secret with the blue-ey'd maid,
 Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd :
 Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast ;
 And thus the son the fervent sire address'd :
 ' Instant convey those steely stores of war
 To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care :
 The cause demanded by the suitor-train,
 To soothe their fears a specious reason feign.
 Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
 Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
 His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn :
 From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
 Suggest that Jove the peaceful thought in-
 spir'd,
 Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
 Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
 Defame the bridal feast and friendly bowl.

Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
 The plummy-crested helms and pointed spears,
 With shields indented deep in glorious wars.

Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
 And with her golden lamp his toil befriends :
 Not such the sickly beams which, insincere,
 Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere !
 A present deity the prince confess'd,
 And wrapt with ecstasy the sire address'd :
 ' What miracle thus dazzles with surprise ?
 Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise :
 The walls, where'er my wond'ring sight I turn,
 And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn !
 Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
 With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.'
 ' Be calm,' replies the sire ; ' to none impart,
 But oft revolve the vision in thy heart :
 Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
 Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
 Seek thou repose ; whilst here I sole remain,
 T' explore the conduct of the female train :
 The pensive queen perchance desires to know
 The series of my toils to soothe her woe.' "

Odyssey, book xix.

* Callimachus, the Athenian statuery, worked a figure of Minerva according to this picture in Homer.

No. 1050.

Euryclea, the nurse, recognising Ulysses by the scar on his knee.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

The stranger, having been invited to an interview with Penelope, gives her the consolatory assurance that her husband, whom he had lately met, is safe in Phæacia, and will soon return loaded with riches. She orders refreshment and a bath for him. But, apprehensive that if any of the young female domestics, who were in the interest of the suitors, were (according to the custom of those times) to attend him, she may discover the scar of a wound which had been inflicted in his youth by a boar, and mention it, and thus lead to his premature discovery, he artfully contrives that the office should be assigned to Euryclea, who, from age and infirmity may not notice it—from indifference may not mention it, or if she noticed it, and by it recognised him, would, from her tried fidelity, keep it a secret. The whole of this affecting incident it is necessary here to give.

“ ‘The delicacy of your courtly train
To wash a wretched wand’rer would disdain ;
But if, in tract of long experience tried,
And sad similitude of woes allied,
Some wretch reluctant views ærial light,
To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.’

Pleas’d with his wise reply, the queen re-
join’d:

‘Such gentle manners and so sage a mind
In all who grac’d this hospitable bow’r
I ne’er discern’d before this social hour.
Such servant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv’d the lord of my desires
New from the birth ; and with a mother’s hand
His tender bloom to manly growth sustain’d :
Of matchless prudence and a duteous mind ;
Though now to life’s extremest verge declin’d,
Of strength superior to the toil assign’d.—
Rise, Euryclea ! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare :
This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same !
Thus old with woes my fancy paints him now !
For age untimely marks the careful brow.’

Instant obsequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea rose : with trembling hand

She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes ;
And thus impassion’d to herself replies :
‘Son of my love, and monarch of my cares !
What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears !
Are thus by Jove, who constant beg his aid
With pious deed and pure devotion, paid ?
He never dar’d defraud the sacred fane
Of perfect hecatombs in order slain :
There oft implor’d his tutelary power,
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour ;
That form’d for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognise an equal heir.
O destin’d head ! the pious vows are lost ;
His god forgets him on a foreign coast !—
Perhaps, like thee, poor guest ! in wanton pride
The rich insult him, and the young deride !
Conscious of worth revil’d, thy gen’rous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin’d :
My will concurring with my queen’s command,
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
A strong emotion shakes my anguish’d breast ;
In thy whole form Ulysses seems express’d :
Of all the wretched harbour’d on our coast,
None imag’d e’er like thee my master lost.’

Thus half discover’d through the dark disguise,
With cool composure feign’d, the chief replies :

'You join your suffrage to the public vote;
The same you think have all beholders thought.'

He said: replenish'd from the purest springs,
The laver straight with busy care she brings;
In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.
Thus cautious, in th' obscure he hop'd to fly
The curious search of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.

Deep o'er his knee in seam'd remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, the ablution ceas'd—
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand re-
leas'd—
The mingled fluids from the vase redound—
The vase reclining floats the floor around—
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife ex-
press'd
Of grief and joy alternate in her breast—
Her flutt'ring words in melted murmurs died;
At length abrupt: 'My son!—my king!' she
cried,
His neck with fond embrace enfolding fast.
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast,
Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:
But, studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.

His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
'Art thou foredoom'd my pest?' the hero cried;
'Thy milky founts my infant-lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some god inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.
This heav'n-discovered truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve the treasure of thy inmost mind:
Else if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train;
With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.'
When thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
'What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips
severe?

Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd,
With ribs of steel and marble heart immur'd.
When heav'n, auspicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd,
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.'

'Thy aid avails me not,' the chief replied;
'My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.'

He said: obsequious with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:
The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.
Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,
His former seat receiv'd the stranger-guest,
Whom thus with pensive air the queen address'd."

Odyssey, book xix.

No. 1051.

Eurynome spreading a mantle over Ulysses.

DAMAS. *Cornelian.*

4 Q

After Ulysses had been bathed and refreshed, Penelope renews her conversation with him—dwells on her dismal situation, and says that, as a last resort, she will propose to wed the suitor who can draw the strong bow of Ulysses, and shoot the mark he used to hit. The stranger urges her to adopt this plan, assuring her that before the game is over, her freedom will be secured. He then retires to rest. The following quotation will suffice for this and the two subsequent subjects.

“An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd);
Then o'er the chief Eurynome the chaste,
With duteous care, a downy carpet cast:
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows;
And ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey;
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung:
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace?
Round his swoll'n heart the murmurous fury rolls,
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger-groom; so wrath compress'd,

Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
'Poor suff'ring heart!' he cried, 'support the pain

Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence from the death decreed.'

Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer toss'd;
Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

The sav'ry cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast:
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n descends the Jove-born martial
maid;

And hov'ring o'er his head in view confess'd,
The goddess thus her fav'rite care address'd:

'Oh thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming
heir!

Whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name the standard of their dearest vow.'

'Just is thy kind reproach,' the chief re-
join'd;

Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,
In contemplation wrapt. This hostile crew
What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid
They're doom'd to bleed; O say, celestial
maid!

Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?*

'Oh impotence of faith!' Minerva cries,
'If man on frail, unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the gods? Lo, Pallas' self de-
scends—

Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends!
In me affianc'd fortify thy breast,
Though myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim con-
test;

* Because among the suitors were many of the princes of the neighbouring islands.

My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due—
Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew.'

She ceas'd: ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:
The goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies."
Odyssey, book xx.

No. 1052.

Minerva appearing to Ulysses while on his bed.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1053.

Minerva lulling Ulysses asleep with poppy.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian*.

See conclusion of preceding quotation.

No. 1054.

Ctesippus casting the foot of an ox at Ulysses.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian*.

On the following morning there is an unusually magnificent feast, as it is the lunar festival in honour of Apollo, the father of light. Among the dependents who brought animals for the occasion was Philætius, the royal herdsman in Cephalonia (then subject to the crown of Ithaca), a trusty old servant of Ulysses, who enters into conversation with the stranger—declares his devotion to his old master, and imprecates destruction on the suitors. The stranger assures him that his prayers will be speedily accomplished. After this Ctesippus commits the outrage on Ulysses.

"By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move
The city-tribes to pleas'd Apollo's grove;
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest;

Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fired,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born
jest,
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres, arable and green,
(Ctesippus nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out, imposthume with pride:

'The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend ;
 Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
 Let each a token of esteem bestow :
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe ;
 With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.'
 He said : and of the steer before him plac'd,
 That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,

Where to the pastern-bone by nerves com-
 bin'd,
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd ;
 Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.
 The chief, indignant, grins a ghastly smile ;
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil."

Odyssey, book xx.

No. 1055.

Penelope with the bow and quiver of Ulysses.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian*.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who should first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through twelve rings placed at intervals. Much learned nonsense has been written about this proposal. The simple reason why she made it was, that she knew they were enervated by their dissipation, and could not (either of them) perform such a feat: she therefore would be released from her engagement by their inability to fulfil the proposed conditions.

"And Pallas now, to raise the rival fires,
 With her own art Penelope inspires :
 Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
 The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring,
 Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame :
 But discord and black death await the game !

The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,
 At distance due a virgin-train attends ;
 A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
 With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd :
 Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
 Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay ;
 There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
 And there the bow which great Ulysses bore,
 And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
 Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

There from the column where aloft it hung,
 Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung :
 Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
 And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.
 To full satiety of grief she mourns ;
 Then, silent, to the joyous hall returns,

To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
 Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
 Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings.
 Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,
 And with her veil conceals the coming tears :
 On either side awaits a virgin fair ;
 While thus the matron, with majestic air :

'Say you, whom these forbidden walls enclose,
 For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows,
 If these neglected, faded charms can move ?
 Or is it but a vain pretence you love ?
 If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
 Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.
 Who first Ulysses' wond'rous bow shall bend,
 And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
 Him will I follow, and forsake my home—
 For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome—
 Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
 And still to last the vision of my night !'

Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus shew
 The rival peers the ringlets and the bow."

Odyssey, book xxi.

No. 1056.

Penelope bearing the bow and arrows to the suitors.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1057.

Ulysses discovering himself to Eumæus and Philæti-
us.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

These faithful old servants retire while the suitors are in vain endeavouring to bend the bow, although they oil it at the fire.

“Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king observes them: he the hall forsakes,
And, past the limits of the court, o’ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
‘Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or, as my soul now dictates, shall I tell?
Say, should some fav’ring god restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign;
How beat your hearts? what aid would you afford?
To the proud suitors—or your ancient lord?’

Philæti-
us thus: ‘O, were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove restore that man again!
These aged sinews, with new vigour strung,
In his blest cause should emulate the young.’
With equal vows Eumæus too implor’d
Each pow’r above with wishes for his lord.

He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
‘Those vows the gods accord—behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain’d
By woes and wand’rings from this hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despis’d, un-
known,

And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought—
E’en in their wishes and their pray’rs forgot!

Hear, then, my friends! if Jove this arm succeed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be to bless your future lives
With large possessions and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call’d his brother and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye:
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When, with Autolycus’s sons, of yore,
On Parnass’ top I chas’d the tusky boar.’

His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos’d
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos’d:
Eager they view’d; with joy they stood amaz’d;
With tearful eyes o’er all their master gaz’d:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast—
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac’d.
Tears follow’d tears; no word was in their pow’r;
In solemn silence fell the kindly show’r.
The king, too, weeps—the king, too, grasps their
hands,

And moveless as a marble fountain stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting
sun;

But first the wise man ceas’d, and thus begun:
‘Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.

Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near :
 Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
 Re-enter, then, not all at once, but stay
 Some moments you ; and let me lead the way.
 To me, neglected as I am, I know
 The haughty suitors will deny the bow ;
 But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
 Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
 At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
 And each lock fast the well-compacted gate ;

Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear ;
 Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
 To thy strict charge, Philæti^{us}, we consign
 The court's main gate : to guard that pass be
 thine.'

This said, he first return'd : the faithful swains
 At distance follow, as their king ordains.
 Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
 And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands ;
 Still the tough bow unmov'd."

Odyssey, book xxi.

No. 1058.

Ulysses drawing his bow.

ANTEROTOS. *Cornelian.*

As this subject commences the catastrophe of the poem, it is necessary to describe it at length. When the chiefs failed to draw the bow, and it is proposed to defer the trial till the next day, the old mendicant solicits permission to make the experiment. He is instantly rebuked for his presumption. Penelope (who does not know him) kindly interposes to save the poor old stranger from ill-usage ; but Telemachus (who does know him) insists that he shall be allowed to make a trial.

"That right complete, up-rose the thoughtful
 man,
 And thus his meditated scheme began :
 ' If what I ask your noble minds approve,
 Ye peers and rivals in the royal love !
 Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear
 (Whose sage decision I with wonder hear),
 And if Eurymachus the motion please ;
 Give heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace :
 To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
 And take it he, the favour'd of the skies !
 But since till then this trial you delay,
 Trust it one moment to my hands to-day :
 Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
 What once I was, whom wretched you despise ;
 If yet this arm its ancient force retain ;
 Or if my woes (a long-continued train),
 And wants and insults, make me less than man.'
 Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
 Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.

Antinous then : ' O miserable guest !
 Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast ?
 Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
 To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd—
 Admitted here with princes to confer—
 A man unknown—a needy wanderer ?
 To copious wine this insolence we owe ;
 And much thy betters wine can overthrow :
 The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
 Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung :
 Boundless the Centaur rag'd, till, one and all,
 The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall ;
 His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
 And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
 Hence with long war the double race was curst,
 Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.
 Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
 If here this interdicted bow he bends :
 Nor shall these walls such insolence contain ;
 The first fair wind transports him o'er the main ;

Where Echetus to death the guilty brings
(The worst of mortals, e'en the worst of kings).
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer,
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.'

To this the queen her just dislike express'd :
'Tis impious, prince ! to harm the stranger-guest,
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What if th' immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow ?
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring stranger for my lord ?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain :
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.'

'O fair ! and wisest of so fair a kind !'
Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd ;
'Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of fame ;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave—
The weakest woman : all can wrong the brave.
'Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave chief whose bow they could not bend !

In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
And did what all those princes could not do :
Thus will the common voice our deed defame ;
And thus posterity upbraid our name.'

'To whom the queen : 'Iffame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues ;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise :
Know, friend ! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest—his port—his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey ;
And to his hand, if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.'

'O royal mother ! ever-honour'd name !
Permit me,' cries Telemachus, 'to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend ;
And mine alone they are to give or lend.' "

Telemachus after this requests his mother to retire. She complies ; and consequently does not witness the feats of Ulysses.

'Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
'Hold, lawless rustic ! whither wilt thou go ?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow ?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made,
If heav'n and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.'

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on :
'Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty
words ;

What ! hopes the fool to please so many lords ?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand,
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the
land.

Oh ! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expel !
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below !

The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strifeful bow, and gives it to the king :
Old Euryclea calling then aside,
'Hear what Telemachus enjoins,' he cried ;
'At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate ;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.'

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace-gates.
In the same moment forth Philæti^{us} flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought);
Then, unperceiv'd and silent, at the board
His seat he takes; his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the master bore—
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untried so long.
While some deriding: 'How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals!' 'Heav'n to this wretch,' another cried, 'be kind!

And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.'

Heedless he heard them, but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes—strains—and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow—
And drew with ease! One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.

From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

A gen'ral horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face!
Signs from above ensu'd: th' unfolding sky
In light'ning burst: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of heav'n's almighty lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on th' board
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death).

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft—releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string—
Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring!
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the solid gate re-sounds.

Then to the prince: 'Nor have I wrought thee shame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till ev'ning for the genial joy.'

Odyssey, book xxi.

No. 1059.

Ulysses slaying Antinous.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

This act was the commencement of the general slaughter. The following quotation will suffice for this and the three subsequent subjects.

"He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

Then fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store!

Before his feet the rattling show'r he threw,
And thus terrific to the suitor-crew :

'One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day ;
Another, princes ! yet remains to play—
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phœbus, assist ! nor be the labour vain.'

Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings :
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul !
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl ;
E'en then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath—
Chang'd to the deep—the bitter draught of death !
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band—
And fate to numbers by a single hand ?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon past,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his
last.

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows ;
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose ;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls :
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall ;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye ;
Each look'd for arms in vain—no arms were nigh.
'Aim'st thou at princes?' all amaz'd they said ;
'Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd ;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed ;
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee.' Thus incensed they
spoke,

While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous stroke,
Blind as they were ! for death e'en now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then, grimly frowning, with a dreadful look
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke :

'Dogs ! ye have had your day : ye fear'd no
more

Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore ;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house—our wealth—our helpless handmaids
lay :

Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
E'en to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd :
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of gods above ;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or fame's eternal voice in future days :
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.'

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood ;
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus replied.

'If, as thy words import,' he thus began,
'Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs ; and much hast thou sus-
tain'd

In thy spoil'd palace and exhausted land !
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo ! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,
To slay thy son—thy kingdoms to divide—
These were his aims, but juster Jove denied.
Since cold in death th' offender lies, oh spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r !
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry prince shall pay :
The waste of years refunded in a day.

Till then thy wrath is just.' Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd :

'All—all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call ;
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all !
Your blood is my demand—your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward-terms ! or fight or
fly :

This choice is left ye, to resist or die ;
And die I trust ye shall.' He sternly spoke :
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.

Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train :
'Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain ;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead.

Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards—
So need compels. Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.'

Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor-sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd,
He launched his shaft, and shot it through his
breast:

His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll
The untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound;
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground;
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness div'd, and—hell!

Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack;
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence through his breast its bloody passage
tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with
gore.

He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long incumb'rance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between, and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies:
And, 'Arm, great father! arm!' in haste he cries;
'Lo, hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile jav'lins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.'

'Haste and return,' Ulysses made reply,
'While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Lest thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.'

With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;

Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand.
Chief after chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield;
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking
down
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject-town;
A double strength of valves secur'd the place—
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there.
When Agelaus thus: 'Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? the town shall force the
door,
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.'

Melanthius then: 'That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and
king.'

He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve hel-
mets bears:

All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
On ev'ry side he sees the labour grow:
'Oh curs'd event! and oh unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the women, have betray'd—
Oh my dear son!—the father, with a sigh;
Then ceas'd. The filial virtue made reply:

'Falsehood is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed: this was mine alone;—
My haste neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has supplied their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son.'

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain;
Not unobserv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:

'The miscreant we suspected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed,
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?'

'Not so,' replied Ulysses; 'leave him there;
For us sufficient is another care,—
Within the stricture of this palace-wall
To keep enclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by strong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof suspend;
So studied tortures his vile days shall end.'

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste;
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapp'd and
worn,

The brass corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt;
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil
At ev'ry point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind his hands and feet they bound,
Then straiten'd cords involv'd his body round;
So drawn aloft, athwart the column tied,
The howling felon swung from side to side.

Eumæus scoffing, then with keen disdain:
'There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envied height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of
light!'"*

Odyssey, book xxi.

No. 1060.

Ulysses killing Eurymachus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

* Let the reader observe, that the chief reason why Ulysses is able to maintain this unequal contest successfully against such superior numbers, is, that he stands on the threshold in a narrow pass, and is well armed; and that the chief cause of his revenge is, that they not only conspired to rob him of his wife and property, but to assassinate his son. He prays to Apollo, as being the god of archery; and he throws the arrows at his feet, that he may the more expeditiously use them. Eurymachus advises the suitors to defend themselves against the arrows with the tables, because each guest had a small separate table; and to alarm the town, because they had a strong party among the citizens, who were impressed with the persuasion that Ulysses was dead. Ulysses sets the bow against the wall, lest the survivors, plucking the arrows out of the bodies of the slain, may use it against him.

No. 1061.

Telemachus killing Amphinomus.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1062.

Melanthius, while bearing the arms to the suitors, arrested by Eumæus and Philætius.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1063.

Philætius killing Ctesippus.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

“Pierc’d through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled;
And thus Philætius gloried o’er the dead:
‘There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain,
O sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heav’n alone
Th’ event of actions, and our fates are known.
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear;
The victim’s heel is answer’d with this spear.’”*

No. 1064.

Ulysses slaying the Suitors.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

* Ctesippus flung the shankbone of an ox at Ulysses during the sacrificial feast (see book xx.); an outrage for which Philætius here says he requites him. This phrase became a proverb, to express a return of evil for evil.

"Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew:
In vain! Minerva turn'd them in her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls—
One strikes the gate—one rings against the walls;
The storm past innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now, brave friends! our turn, at once to
throw

(So speed them heav'n!) our jav'lines at the foe.
That impious race to all their past misdeeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.'

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolymus Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat. The victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steelly show'r;
Again made frustrate by the virgin pow'r:

Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall—
Some wound the gate—some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.

Now Pallas shines confess'd; aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see—they tremble, and they fly!
Confus'd—distracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's* sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle
spring.

Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When the wide field extended snares beset,†
With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:
No help—no flight! but, wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound;
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground;
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone."

Odyssey, book xxii.

No. 1065.

Minerva striking terror into the Suitors with her shield.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1066.

Leiodes supplicating Ulysses.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst*.

* The gadfly.

† This passage shews that the flying of birds of prey, in the nature of hawking, was practised by the ancients. The timorous birds, flying from the falcons, were caught in nets spread on the plains. Arrian (book ii. cap. 1) shews that deer used to be caught in the same way.

“Leiodes first before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
‘O gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour’d or by word or deed,
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress’d
Full oft was check’d the injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell’d well;
Their hearts were harden’d, and they justly fell.
Oh spare an augur’s consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.’

‘Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv’d the land:

Against Ulysses have thy vows been made;
For them thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, e’en to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires.’
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he
took
Which Agelaus’ dying hands forsook:
Full through his neck the weighty falchion
sped:
Along the pavement roll’d the mutt’ring head.”

Odyssey, book xxii.

No. 1067.

Telemachus interceding for Phemius.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonys*.

The following passages illustrate this and the two subsequent subjects.

“Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar’d—
Phemius the sweet—the heav’n-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the rev’rend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove’s inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laertes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour’d harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne:
Then prostrate stretch’d before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus with accent soft began:

‘Oh king! to mercy be thy soul inclin’d,
And spare the poet’s ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing: by heav’n and heav’n alone
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay
To gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
’Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.

That here I sung, was force and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch’d the warbling wire:
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay
Nor servile flatt’ry stain’d the moral lay.’

The moving words Telemachus attends—
His sire approaches, and the bard defends:
‘O mix not, father, with those impious dead
The man divine! forbear that sacred head.
Medon the herald too our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.’

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Crouch’d close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp’d in a new-slain ox’s ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac’d his knee with
tears,

And thus with grateful voice address’d his ears:
‘Oh prince! oh friend! lo, here thy Medon
stands;
Ah stop the hero’s unresisted hands!

Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.
To whom Ulysses, with a pleasing eye:
'Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:

Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires.' With tim'rous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of protector Jove."

Odyssey, book xxii.

No. 1068.

Medon supplicating Telemachus to intercede for him.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1069.

Medon supplicating Ulysses to spare him, in presence of Phemius, and
of Telemachus who intercedes for him.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1070.

Euryclea announcing to Penelope the return of Ulysses.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst*.

Ulysses, after the slaughter, orders Telemachus to bring Euryclea.

"On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes;
Dreadful he glares, and terrible he foams;
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met—
The guilty fall'n—the mighty deed complete!
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said:

'Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails, an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere! Oh Euryclea, say
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?"

She informs him that twelve of the female attendants had lent themselves criminally to the suitors. These he orders to remove the dead bodies, and to cleanse and fumigate the hall. This done, he orders them all to be hanged; and then despatches Euryclea to Penelope, to announce his return, and the massacre of the suitors. Penelope, who had been almost in despair of his return, is for a long time incredulous, and delicately cautious: and as she had been lulled into a profound sleep by Minerva in the upper floor of the palace—the place usually appropriated for the women—she did not hear the tumult below. As the conduct of Penelope on this announcement, and the discovery of Ulysses, are events so important in the *Odyssey*, it is necessary to explain them at length.

“Then to the queen, as in repose she lay,
The nurse, with eager rapture, speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

‘And sleeps my child?’ the rev’rend matron
cries:

‘Ulysses lives! arise, my child—arise!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! The suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day—
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!’

Touch’d at her words, the mournful queen re-
join’d,

‘Ah! whither wanders thy distemper’d mind?
The righteous pow’rs who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought, with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise—enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And folly with the tongue of wisdom speaks.
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
Was it to flatter, or deride my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Why must I wake to grieve, and curse thy shore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Begone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.’

To whom with warmth: ‘My soul a lie dis-
dains;

Ulysses lives—thy own Ulysses reigns!
That stranger, patient of the suitors’ wrongs,
And the rude license of ungovern’d tongues—

He—he is thine! Thy son his latent guest
Long knew, but lock’d the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance of the foes.’

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport
sprung

Swift from the couch, and round the matron
hung;

Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear:

‘Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
How could that num’rous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by a hero’s hand?’

‘I saw it not!’ she cries; ‘but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan;
The damsel-train turn’d pale at ev’ry wound;
Immur’d we sat, and catch’d each passing sound.
When death had seiz’d her prey, thy son at-
tends,

And at his nod the damsel-train descends;
There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood;
Thy heart had leap’d the hero to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o’er his prey,
Glorious in gore!—now with sulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;
Heap’d lie the dead without the palace-walls—
Haste, daughter—haste—thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy ev’ry wish the bounteous gods bestow,
Enjoy the present good, and former woe.
Ulysses lives, his vanquish’d foes to see—
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!’

‘Ah no!’ with sighs Penelope rejoin’d;
‘Excess of joy disturbs thy wand’ring mind;

How blest this happy hour, should he appear—
 Dear to us all—to me supremely dear!
 Ah no! some god the suitors' deaths decreed—
 Some god descends, and by his hand they bleed,
 Blind to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,
 And violate all hospitable laws!
 The good they hated, and the pow'rs defied;
 But heav'n is just, and by a god they died.
 For never must Ulysses view this shore—
 Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more!

'What words,' the matron cries, 'have reach'd
 my ears?

Doubt we his presence when he now appears?
 Then hear conviction: ere the fatal day
 That forc'd Ulysses o'er the wat'ry way,
 A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
 Plow'd half his thigh; I saw—I saw the scar,
 And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
 But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
 Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
 Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
 'Wise is thy soul, but errors seize the wise;
 The works of gods what mortal can survey?
 Who knows their motives? who shall trace their
 way?

But learn we instant how the suitors trod
 The paths of death, by man or by a god.'

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
 But with alternate joy and fear descends;
 At ev'ry step debates, her lord to prove;
 Or rushing to his arms, confess her love.
 Then gliding through the marble valves in state,
 Oppos'd, before the shining fire she sat:
 The monarch, by a column high entron'd,
 His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
 Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
 Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak;
 O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
 Now hopes—now fears—now knows—then doubts
 again!"*

Odyssey, book xxiii.

No. 1071.

Penelope recognising Ulysses.

ALLION. *Cornelian*.

Ulysses finding Penelope still incredulous in consequence of his dress and appearance, cleanses himself, and changes his attire.

"Meanwhile the wearied king the bath ascends;
 With faithful cares Eurynome attends,
 O'er ev'ry limb a show'r of fragrance sheds:
 Then dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads;

The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
 With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine;
 Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
 His thick large locks, of hyacinthine dye.

* Euryclea makes no reply to the last remarks of Penelope, because she thought it possible (according to the prevalent belief of those times) that a divinity might have appeared in the shape of a human being. Ulysses takes his seat near the column, because that was the seat of distinction; and he observes a thoughtful silence, as well from the importance of the events that had just occurred, and from the apprehension he entertained, that, before his return was publicly announced, the friends of the suitors might raise a sudden insurrection, as from a delicate reluctance to offer violence to the modesty of Penelope by his caresses, while she is in this state of uncertainty and agitation.

As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
 His heav'nly skill, a breathing image lives ;
 By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous
 mould,
 And the pale silver glows with fusile gold :
 So Pallas his heroic form improves
 With bloom divine, and like a god he moves ;
 More high he treads, and issuing forth in
 state,
 Radiant before his gazing consort sate.
 And 'Oh, my queen !' he cries, 'what pow'r
 above
 Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love !
 Canst thou, Penelope, when heav'n restores
 Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores—
 Canst thou, oh cruel ! unconcern'd survey
 Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day ?
 Haste, Euryclea, and despatchful spread
 For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed ;
 My weary nature craves the balm of rest :
 But heav'n with adamant has arm'd her breast.'
 'Ah no !' she cries ; 'a tender heart I bear,
 A foe to pride ; no adamant is there :
 And now, e'en now it melts ! for sure I see
 Once more Ulysses, my belov'd, in thee !
 Fix'd in my soul, as when he sail'd to Troy,
 His image dwells : then haste the bed of joy !
 Haste, from the bridal bow'r the bed translate,*
 Fram'd by his hand, and be it dress'd in state !'
 Thus speaks the queen, still dubious with dis-
 guise.
 Touch'd at her word, the king with warmth re-
 plies :
 'Alas for this ! what mortal strength can move
 Th' enormous burden ; who but heav'n above !
 It mocks the weak attempts of human hands.

 'Tis thine, O queen, to say : and now impart,
 If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart ?'

While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
 She sickens—trembles—falls—and faints away !
 At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
 And strain'd him close, as to his breast she
 grew ;
 The tears pour'd down amain : and, 'Oh !' she
 cries,
 'Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise !
 O vers'd in ev'ry turn of human art,
 Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart !
 The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,
 Decree us to sustain a length of woes ;
 And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
 To bloom together—fade away, and—die !
 O let me—let me not thine anger move,
 That I forbore, thus—thus to speak my love !
 Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms—
 Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms !
 I dreaded fraud ; men—faithless men, betray
 Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey :
 Against the fondness of my heart I strove ;
 'Twas caution, oh my lord ! not want of love.
 Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
 Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms,
 Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day,
 Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
 But heav'n, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
 That she should wander, and that Greece should
 bleed :
 Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
 She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
 But why these sorrows, when my lord arrives ?
 I yield—I yield ! my own Ulysses lives !
 The secrets of the bridal bed are known
 To thee, to me, to Actoris alone
 (My father's present in the spousal hour,
 The sole attendant on our genial bow'r).
 Since what no eye has seen, thy tongue reveal'd,
 Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.'

* When Penelope ordered the bridal bed to be brought out of its place and prepared for the stranger, she knew it could not be done, and artfully meant, by giving the order, to sound him, as the fixture of the bed was a secret. But when Ulysses remarks that it could not be removed, then there is conclusive proof of his identity.

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture hears— Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears. As to the shipwreck'd mariner the shores Delightful rise when angry Neptune roars, Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky, And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die,—	If one more happy, while the tempest raves, Outlives the tumult of conflicting waves, All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand, And plunging forth with transport grasps the land ;— The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows— Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.” <i>Odyssey, book xxiii.</i>
---	---

No. 1072.

Mercury conducting the souls of the Suitors to the infernal regions.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

“Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign Conveys the dead—a lamentable train ! The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly, Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye, That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day, Points out the long, uncomfortable way. Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent. As in a cavern of some rifted den, Where flock nocturnal bats and birds obscene, Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock They move, and murmurs run through all the rock ;	So cow'ring fled the sable heaps of ghosts, And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts. And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends, And now the gates where ev'ning Sol descends, And Leuca's rock, and Ocean's utmost streams, And now pervade the dusky land of dreams ; And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell In ever-flow'ring meads of asphodel. The empty forms of men inhabit there, Impassive semblance—images of air !” <i>Odyssey, book xxiv.</i>
---	---

No. 1073.

Ulysses discovering himself to his father Laertes.

ALLION. *Sardonyx.*

Laertes, afflicted at the long absence of his son, and at the sad condition of the state, withdrew from court, and lived in a retired cottage. Ulysses, on the morning after the destruction of the suitors, went to see him. As this subject is an important one in the *Odyssey*, it is necessary to treat it here at length.

“Thus in the regions of eternal shade Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead ;	While from the town Ulysses, and his band, Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
--	---

The ground himself had purchas'd with his
pain,

And labour made the rugged soil a plain :
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court :
Where the few servants that divide his care
Took their laborious rest and homely fare ;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son Ulysses gave command :
' Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the pow'rs divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory ;
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know
(Their light and dearest object long ago),
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with
woe !'

Then to his train he gives his spear and
shield ;

The house they enter, and he seeks the field ;
Through rows of shade with various fruitage
crown'd,

And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care—
To search the woods for sets of flow'ry thorn,
Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found ;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapp'd around ;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive
care,

Fenc'd with a double cap of goat-skin hair :
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd ; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his sire, retracing ev'ry line—
The ruins of himself ! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay !
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store ;
The much-enduring man could bear no more :

Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs—to kiss his rev'rend face—
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.
Not so : his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay—
More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his sire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleasantry reproves ;
Who digging round the plant still hangs his
head,

Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said :
' Great is thy skill, O father ! great thy
toil ;

Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil ;
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear,
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shewn,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame ;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth I deem thy lord unkind,
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind ;
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care ;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine—
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say ? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand ?
But chief, O tell me ! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast ?
For so reported the first man I view'd
(Some surly islander, of manners rude),
Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay ;
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way.
But thou, whom years have taught to under-
stand,

Humanely hear, and answer my demand :
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave ?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest ;

He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
 And old Laertes was his father's name.
 To him whatever to a guest is ow'd
 I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;
 To him seven talents of pure ore I told,
 Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff
 with gold,
 A bowl that rich with polish'd silver flames,
 And, skill'd in female works, four lovely
 dames.'

At this the father, with a father's fears
 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears):
 'This is the land; but, ah! thy gifts are lost;
 For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
 Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore;
 Thy ancient friend, oh stranger, is no more!
 Full recompense thy bounty else had borne;
 For ev'ry good man yields a just return:
 So civil rights demand; and who begins
 The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.

Ulysses says that he came from Abylas—was thrown on the Ithacan coast by adverse winds—and had seen Ulysses five years before.

"Quick through the father's heart these accents
 ran;
 Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapp'd up all the man;
 Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing
 spread
 A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
 Trembling with agonies of strong delight
 Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the
 sight:
 He ran—he seiz'd him with a strict embrace—
 With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face:
 'I—I am he—oh, father! rise—behold
 Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old—
 Thy son—so long desir'd—so long detain'd—
 Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
 These floods of sorrow, oh, my sire! restrain:
 The vengeance is complete—the suitor-train,
 Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.'
 Amaz'd, Laertes: 'Give some certain sign,
 If such thou art, to manifest thee mine.'

But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd,
 What years have circled since thou saw'st that
 guest?
 That hapless guest, alas, for ever gone!
 Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
 If ever man to misery was born,
 'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
 Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
 He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
 Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
 Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
 Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed;
 Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead;
 Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier
 Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear!
 But tell me who thou art? and what thy race—
 Thy town—thy parents—and thy native place?
 Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
 What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
 Or com'st thou single? or attend thy train?"

'Lo here the wound,' he cries, 'receiv'd of yore,
 The scar indented by the tusky boar,
 When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
 To old Autolycus's realms I went.
 Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
 The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
 While yet a child these fields I lov'd to trace,
 And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
 To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
 Well-pleas'd you told its nature and its name—
 Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
 Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
 And ten that red with blushing apples glow'd;
 Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
 Of various vines that then began to blow,
 A future vintage, when the hours produce
 Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.'

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
 His heart within him melts; his knees sustain

Their feeble weight no more ; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown ;
He faints—he sinks, with mighty joys opprest !
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.

Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat ;
' Yes, I believe,' he cries, ' almighty Jove !
Heav'n rules us yet, and gods there are above.' ”
Odyssey, book xxiv.

No. 1074.

The servant perfuming Laertes.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

The third figure is that of Minerva.

“ To this Ulysses : ‘ As the gods shall please
Be all the rest ; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide ;
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends ;
And there the young Telemachus attends.’ ”

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.

The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine ;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
' What god,' he cried, ' my father's form im-
proves ?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he
moves !' ”

Odyssey, book xxiv.

No. 1075.

Minerva, Ulysses, and Telemachus.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

The friends of the suitors, headed by Eupithes the father of Antinous, raised an insurrection, but are routed by Ulysses and a few followers, aided by Minerva.

“ The op'ning gates at once their war display ;
Fierce they rush forth : Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid ;
The suff'ring hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd :
' Behold, Telemachus ! (nor fear the sight)
The brave embattled ; the grim front of fight !
The valiant with the valiant must contend :
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,

Wide o'er the world their martial fame was
spread ;
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.'
' Thy eyes, great father ! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.'
So spoke Telemachus : the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy ;
And, ' Blest ! thrice blest this happy day !' he
cries ;
' The day that shews me, ere I close my eyes,

A son and grandson of th' Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame !'

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear :

'Son of Arcesius, rev'rend warrior, hear !
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.'

She said, infusing courage with the word.

Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air :
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear ;
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound ;
He falls—earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conqu'ring son
Heaps rush on heaps ; they fight—they drop—
they run.

Now by the sword, and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all :
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cried ;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide :

'Forbear, ye nations ! your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter : Peace descends to
spare.'

Fear shook the nations. At the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie ;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle—as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims ;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames ;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd :
Then stopp'd the goddess—trembled—and retir'd.

'Descended from the gods ! Ulysses, cease ;
Offend not Jove : obey, and give the peace.'

So Pallas spoke. The mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

Odyssey, book xxiv.

No. 1076.

Head of Ulysses.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonvix.*

SUBJECTS FROM THE ÆNEID.

No. 1077.

Æolus, at the solicitation of Juno, letting loose the winds, to destroy the fleet of Æneas.

SOLON. *Cornelian.*

Æneas the Trojan, the most distinguished chief next to Hector, having collected those who survived the ruin of the city, set sail for Italy; the oracles having declared that it was fated he should settle there, and there found a great empire. When he was on his voyage, Juno, who was, for many reasons, the implacable enemy of the Trojans—for the judgment of Paris—the honours conferred by Jupiter on Ganymede—but, above all, apprehensive that if Æneas were to reach Italy, his posterity would found Rome, which was destined to destroy her favourite city, Carthage,—persuaded Æolus, king of the winds, to raise a storm, and disperse the fleet.

“Thus rag’d the goddess; and with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With pow’r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way, and that, th’ impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall th’ undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;
Which, did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way—
Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would
roll,
And heav’n would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin’d their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock’d them safe within, oppress’d with
mountain loads;
Impos’d a king with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay;

To whom the suppliant queen her pray’rs ad-
dress’d,
And thus the tenour of her suit express’d:
‘O Æolus! (for to thee the king of heav’n
The pow’r of tempests and of winds has giv’n;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled
main;)
A race of wand’ring slaves, abhorr’d by me,
With prosp’rous passage cut the Tuscan sea;
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquish’d gods design new tem-
ples there.
Raise all thy winds—with night involve the
skies—
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy line.’

To this the god : 'Tis yours, O queen, to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand ;
Yours is my sovereign's grace ; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast—
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue—
Dispose of empire which I hold from you.'

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain-side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground ;

Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep—
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack ; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend ; and sable night involves the skies ;
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew :
The face of things a frightful image bears ;
And present death in various forms appears."

Æneid, book i.

No. 1078.

Neptune quelling the storm.

ADMON. *Cornelian.*

" Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main—
Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd—distress'd—
By stormy winds and wint'ry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summon'd Eurys and the Western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast ;
Then thus rebuk'd : ' Audacious winds ! from
whence

This bold attempt—this rebel insolence ?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoris'd by my supreme command ?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main ?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain ;
And then you shall be taught obedience to my
reign.

Hence ! to your lord my royal mandate bear—
' The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.

His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd ;
There let him reign the jailor of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall.'
He spoke ; and while he spoke he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands :
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands ;
Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he
guides

His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud ;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply ;
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear :
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood :
So when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,

Their fury falls—he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.

The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores."
Æneid, book i.

No. 1079.

Æneas killing the stags on the African coast.

POLYCLETES. *Cornelian*.

Æneas, with some of his followers, having been cast on the coast of Libya, kill some stags for food.

"No vessels were in view; but on the plain
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads; the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and while secure they graze below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear; the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd:
Nor ceas'd his arrows till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.

For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd triumphant from the
war.

The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroad, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief."
Æneid, book i.

No. 1080.

Venus imploring Jupiter to protect *Æneas*.

ALLION. *Sardonix*.

The following quotation will suffice for this and the two subsequent subjects.

"When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas;
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his
eyes;
Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:
'O king of gods and men! whose awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land—
Disposes all with absolute command;
How could my pious son thy pow'rs incense?
Or what, alas! is vanquish'd Troy's offence?"

Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempest toss'd,
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry
coast.

You promis'd once a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after-times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care,
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose: but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,

What can I hope? what worse can still succeed?
 What end of labours has your will decreed?
 Antenor,* from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure, and pierce the Illyrian coasts,
 Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
 And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their
 name,

And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
 But we, descended from your sacred line,
 Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,
 Are banish'd earth, and, for the wrath of one,
 Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
 Are these our sceptres—these our due rewards?
 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"

To whom the father of the immortal race,
 Smiling with that serene, indulgent face,
 With which he drives the clouds and clears the
 skies,

First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:
 ' Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire
 The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
 Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls;
 And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Æneas calls,
 Then shalt thou bear him up sublime to me:
 No counsels have revers'd my firm decree.
 And lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
 Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
 Thy son (nor is the appointed season far)
 In Italy shall wage successful war—
 Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
 And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build;
 Till after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun
 Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
 This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
 Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.
 He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear;
 Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer;

And with hard labour Alba-longa build.
 The throne with his succession shall be fill'd
 Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
 Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
 Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
 Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
 The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
 Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
 Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become—
 The people Romans call, the city Rome.
 To them no bounds of empire I assign,
 Nor term of years to their immortal line.
 E'en haughty Juno, who with endless broils,
 Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself, tur-
 moils,

At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
 To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
 The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
 And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the
 gown.

An age is ripening in revolving fate,
 When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
 And sweet revenge her conq'ring sons shall call
 To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
 Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,
 Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
 Alone shall bound; whom fraught with eastern
 spoils,

Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
 Securely shall repay, with rights divine;
 And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
 Then dire debate, and impious war, shall cease,
 And the stern age be soften'd into peace;
 Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
 And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn:
 And Remus, with Quirinus, shall sustain
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force re-
 strain.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
 And keep the dreadful issues of his gate

* Antenor, another Trojan prince, migrated with his followers to Italy, and founded Padua on the shores of the Adriatic.

With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.'

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and
— state.

Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god—
Performs his message, and displays his rod.
The surly murmurs of the people cease,
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojan pities, and protects their cause."

Æneid, book i.

No. 1081.

Jupiter declaring to Venus the prosperous destinies of Æneas.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1082.

Mercury, in obedience to the orders of Jupiter, inducing Dido to
protect Æneas.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1083.

Æneas addressing Venus as she ascends to heaven, after her inter-
view with him in the Libyan wood.

MYRON. *Cornelian*.

"Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his
friends;
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the woods
Before his eyes his goddess-mother stood—

A huntress in her habit and her mien:
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments
bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the
wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung be-
hind.

She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood :
 With such array Harpalyce bestrode
 Her Thracian courser, and outstripp'd the rapid
 flood.

'Ho, strangers ! have you seen,' she said,
 'One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
 Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd ?
 A painted quiver at her back she bore ;
 Varied with spots a lynx's hide she wore,
 And at full cry pursued the tusky boar.'

Thus Venus : thus her son replied again—
 'None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
 O virgin ! or what other name you bear
 Above that style : O more than mortal fair !
 Your voice and mien celestial birth betray.
 If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
 Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
 Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain :
 But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
 What earth we tread, and who commands the
 coast.

Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
 And offer'd victims at your altars fall.'

'I dare not,' she replied, 'assume the name
 Of goddess, or celestial honours claim ;
 For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
 And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
 Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are—
 A people rude in peace and rough in war.
 The rising city, which from far you see,
 Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
 Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate :
 Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate ;
 Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
 For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
 Possess'd fair Dido's bed ; and either heart
 At once was wounded with an equal dart.
 Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid ;
 Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd—
 One who contemn'd divine and human laws :
 Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
 With steel invades his brother's life by stealth ;

Before the sacred altar made him bleed ;
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
 Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
 To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
 At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
 Of her unhappy lord : the spectre stares,
 And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
 The cruel altars, and his fate, he tells,
 And the dire secret of his house reveals ;
 Then warns the widow, and her household-gods,
 To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
 Last, to support her in so long a way,
 He shews her where his hidden treasure lay.
 Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
 The queen provides companions of her flight :
 They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
 Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
 They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find :
 Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
 The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
 With prosp'rous winds : a woman leads the way.
 I know not if by stress of weather driv'n,
 Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heav'n ;
 At last they landed, where from far your eyes
 May view the turrets of new Carthage rise ;
 There bought a space of ground, which (*byrsa*
 call'd,
 From the bull's hide,) they first enclos'd and
 wall'd.
 But whence are you ? what country claims your
 birth ?

What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth ?
 To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
 And deeply sighing, thus her son replies :
 'Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
 O nymph ! the tedious annals of our fate ;
 Through such a train of woes if I should run,
 The day would sooner than the tale be done.
 From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came—
 If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
 On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
 At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
 The good Æneas am I call'd—a name,
 While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame :

My household-gods, companions of my woes,
 With pious care I rescued from our foes.
 To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
 And from the king of heav'n is my descent.
 With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
 Fate and my mother-goddess led my way.
 Scarce sev'n the thin remainders of my fleet,
 From storms preserv'd, within your harbour
 meet.

Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
 Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
 In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.'

His tender parent could no longer bear;
 But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.

'Whoe'er you are—not unbelov'd by heav'n,
 Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n—
 Have courage—to the gods permit the rest,
 And to the queen expose your just request.
 Now take this earnest of success for more:
 Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
 The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger
 free,

Or I renounce my skill in augury.
 Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
 And stoop with closing pinions from above,
 Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
 And through the clouds pursued the scatt'ring
 throng;
 Now, all united in a goodly team,
 They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.

As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
 And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
 Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
 Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
 No more advice is needful; but pursue
 The path before you, and the town in view.'

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair,
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
 ground,
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around.
 In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
 And by her graceful walk the queen of love is
 known.

The prince pursued the parting deity
 With words like these: 'Ah! whither do you fly?
 Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
 In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
 Never to bless my sight but thus unknown;
 And still to speak in accents not your own.'
 Against the goddess these complaints he made,
 But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
 They march obscure: for Venus kindly shrouds
 With mists their persons, and involv'd in clouds,
 That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
 Or force to tell the causes of their way.
 This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
 To visit Paphos and her native clime,
 Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
 With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer."

Æneid, book i.

No. 1084.

Troilus, the young son of Priam, trailed along the ground by his
 horses.

PYRGOTELES. *Calcedony.*

Æneas having been rendered invisible by Venus, goes to Carthage, and there sees, in the
 temple of Juno, the chief events of the Trojan war painted on the wall.

"Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
 Achilles, and unequal combat tried;

Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
 Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
 Hung by the neck and hair; and, dragg'd around,
 The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,
 With tracts of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground."

Æneid, book i.

No. 1085.

Venus changing Cupid into the appearance of Ascanius.

POLYCLETES. *Calcedony.*

Æneas, while invisible, finds, to his joy, a party of his followers, who, he thought, were lost, supplicating the queen for protection. She willingly grants it when she hears their history, and expresses great concern for the fate of Æneas. Then Æneas suddenly discovers himself. Dido entertains them all at a great banquet. Venus having conveyed Ascanius to Cyprus, substitutes Cupid, who assumes his appearance, makes Dido presents, and inspires her with love for Æneas. The following quotation explains this and the four subsequent subjects.

"The good Æneas, whose paternal care
 Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
 Despatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
 To give a glad relation of the past,
 And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the
 boy,
 Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
 A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
 An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
 From Argos by the fam'd adult'ress brought,
 With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought—
 Her mother Leda's present, when she came
 To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame:
 The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
 Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
 Of double texture, glorious to behold;
 One order set with gems, and one with gold.
 Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
 And in his diligence his duty shews.
 But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
 New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
 That Cupid should assume the shape and face
 Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;

Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
 And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
 For much she fear'd the Tyrians double-tongued,
 And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
 These thoughts by night her golden slumbers
 broke;
 And thus, alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:
 'My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r
 alone
 Controls the thund'rer on his awful throne,
 To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
 And on thy succour and thy faith relies:
 Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful
 wife,
 By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;
 And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
 Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
 For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
 And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart—
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 That neither age can change, nor heart can
 cure.

How this may be perform'd, now take my
mind :

Ascanius by his father is design'd
To come with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep ;
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape : I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving space.
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face ;
That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins.'
The god of love obeys, and sets aside
His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride :
He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes ;
Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves ;
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face,
Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed : her princely guest
Was next her side ; in order sate the rest.
Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high :
Th' attendants water for their hands supply,

And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore ;
Then youths and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's
disguise ;

Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wand'ring foliage and rich flowers en-
twine.

But, far above the rest, the royal dame
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame),
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung ;
Then sought the queen : she took him to her
arms

With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god, she drew so near her breast,
But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former
care.

The dead is to the living love resign'd ;
And all Æneas enters in her mind."

Æneid, book i.

No. 1086.

Venus, Cupid, and Ascanius.

DIOSCORIDES. *Sardonix*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1087.

Venus conveying Ascanius to Cyprus.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1088.

Venus laying down Ascanius when asleep.

SOLON. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1089.

Cupid, disguised as Ascanius, presenting the gifts to Dido.

NICOMOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1090.

Laocoon hurling a spear at the wooden horse of Troy.

SOLON. *Cornelian.*

Æneas, at the request of Dido, relates the chief events of the sacking of Troy, and of his own wanderings. He begins by saying that the Greeks had quitted the Trojan territory, and had left behind them a huge wooden structure resembling a horse, secretly filled with armed men. The Trojans are divided in opinion as to the object of this structure. Some advise that it should be drawn into the city; but Laocoon declares it to be some perfidious stratagem of the Greeks, and hurls a spear at it. Meantime a wretched-looking Greek (Sinon) is brought a captive by some shepherds to the city. He is interrogated, and, on the assurance of pardon, concocts a plausible story. The following passages explain this and the three subsequent subjects.

“ By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd.
The sides were plank'd with pine: they feign'd
it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.

Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide;
With inward arms the dire machine they
load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle,
While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile,

Renown'd for wealth ; but since, a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay ;
There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought for
Greece

Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay :
The quarters of the several chiefs they shew'd—
Here Phœnix, here Achilles, made abode—
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ—
The pile by Pallas raised to ruin Troy.
Thymœtes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster-fabric in the town.
But Capys and the rest, of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,
Or to the wat'ry deep ; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried from far aloud :

' O wretched countrymen ! what fury reigns ?
What more than madness has possess'd your
brains ?

Think you the Grecians from your coasts are
gone ?

And are Ulysses' arts no better known ?
This hollow fabric either must enclose
Within its blind recess our secret foes,
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force :
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,

Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed
wood,

And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks enclos'd come issuing
through the wound ;

And, had not heav'n the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t' inspire a better
mind :

Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.

Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds
bring

A captive Greek in bands before the king :
Taken, to take—who made himself their prey
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray ;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive tides of Trojans flow ;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles dis-
guis'd ;

Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and
bound ;

He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,
Then said : ' Alas ! what earth remains, what
sea

Is open to receive unhappy me ?
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends ?'
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye :
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was and whence :
What news he could impart we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said : ' Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere.' "

Sinon says, that the Greeks, having often in vain endeavoured to sail away from Troy, the soothsayer declared that they were not to expect favourable winds until, as at Aulis, on their way to Troy, they offered a human sacrifice ; that he himself was selected, through the instru-

mentality of his enemy Ulysses, as the victim ; but that, when decked for the altar, he burst his bonds, escaped, and hid himself in a reedy marsh. He then says that the horse was a pacificatory offering to offended Minerva—that the Greeks will soon return—and had constructed the horse so large that it could not be drawn into the city ; for if it were, Troy could not be taken. After he has concluded his address, two huge serpents swim ashore and strangle Laocoon. This the Trojans consider a divine visitation for assailing the horse, and draw the machine into the city. On that night Sinon opens the horse, and lets out the Greeks.

“False tears true pity move : the king commands
To loose his fetters and unbind his hands ;
Then adds these friendly words : ‘Dismiss thy fears :
Forget the Greeks ; be mine as thou wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais’d the pile ?’
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts :
‘Ye lamps of heav’n !’ he said, and lifted high
His hands now free ; ‘thou venerable sky !
Inviolable pow’rs, ador’d with dread !
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head !
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled !
Be all of you adjur’d ; and grant I may,
Without a crime, the ungrateful Greeks betray—
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate !
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all the attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva’s aid ;
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses—that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew—
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew—
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan’d her holy bands—
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb’d much faster than it flow’d before :
Their courage languish’d, as their hopes decay’d ;
And Pallas, now averse, refus’d her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter’d mind, and alienated care.

When first her fatal image touch’d the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll’d, and seem’d to threaten :
Her heav’nly limbs distill’d a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap’d ; was seen to wield
Her brandish’d lance and shake her horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail’d for Greece—with pray’rs besought
Her injur’d pow’r, and better omens brought.
And now their navy ploughs the watery main ;
Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas’d ; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-eyed maid,
From her stolen statue and her tow’r betray’d,
Warn’d by the seer, to her offended name
We rais’d and dedicate this wond’rous frame,
So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates :
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost ;
And Troy may then a new palladium boast.
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva’s gift, your town in flames shall burn ;
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn !)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands ;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.’
With such deceits he gain’d their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.

What Diomedes, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
False tears and fawning words the city won.

A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unweary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;
When (dreadful to behold!) from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide;
Their flaming crests above the waves they shew;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows
force:

And now the strand, and now the plain they held.
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they
came,

And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and
bodies grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes
roll'd,

And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And, tow'ring o'er his head, in triumph ride:
With both his hands he labours at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around:
Thus when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowing breaks the yielding
skies.

Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way;
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there
By her large buckler and protended spear.

Amazement seizes all: the gen'ral cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare:
Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare,
And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
With cables haul along the unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets
crown'd,

And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town:
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; and, by the gods' decree,
All heard, but none believ'd, the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the
light,

And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men secure, nor guards nor sentries held;
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by the imperial galley's light;
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose."

Æneid, book ii.

No. 1091.

Death of Laocoon.

ATHENION. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1092.

The Trojans drawing the wooden horse.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1093.

Sinon lighting the Greeks out of the Trojan horse.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1094.

The shade of Hector appearing to Æneas in his sleep.

DIOCLES. *Sardonyx.*

“’Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When Hector’s ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem’d, and bath’d in tears;
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg’d him o’er the plain.
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Through the bor’d holes: his body black with dust;
 Unlike that Hector who return’d, from toils
 Of war, triumphant in Æacian spoils—
 Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
 And launch’d against their navy Phrygian fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen’d with his gore;
 And all the wounds he for his country bore
 Now stream’d afresh, and with new purple ran.
 I wept to see the visionary man;
 And, while my trance continued, thus began:

‘O light of Trojans, and support of Troy—
 Thy father’s champion, and thy country’s joy!
 O long expected by thy friends! from whence
 Art thou so late return’d for our defence?
 Do we behold thee wearied as we are
 With length of labours and with toils of war?
 After so many fun’rals of thy own,
 Art thou restor’d to thy declining town?
 But say, what wounds are these? what new dis-
 grace
 Deforms the manly features of thy face?’
 To this the spectre no reply did frame,
 But answer’d to the cause for which he came;
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 This warning in these mournful words express’d:
 ‘O goddess-born! escape by timely flight
 The flame and horrors of this fatal night:

The foes already have possess'd the wall ;
 Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
 Enough is paid to Priam's royal name—
 More than enough to duty and to fame :
 If by a mortal hand my father's throne
 Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.
 Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate ;
 From their assistance happier walls expect,
 Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
 He said, and brought me from their blest abodes
 The venerable statues of the gods,
 With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
 The wreaths, and relics of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar—
 Cries—threats—and loud laments—and mingled
 war !

The noise approaches, though our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
 Louder and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.

Fear broke my slumbers : I no longer stay,
 But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
 And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
 Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn :
 Or deluges, descending o'er the plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow year—destroy the pains
 Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains—
 Unroot the forest-oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey,—
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
 The wasteful ravage of a watery war.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd ;
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.

The fire consumes the town, the foe commands ;
 And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
 Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
 Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
 The flames ; and foes for entrance press without."

Æneid, book ii.

No. 1095.

Venus dissuading Æneas from killing Helen.

DAMAS. *Sardonix*.

After several bloody encounters between the Greeks and Trojans during the night, Æneas, finding resistance hopeless, and retiring home to save his family, if possible, meets Helen in the temple of Vesta. The artist represents her as clasping the knees (the seat of mercy) of the statue.

" Thus wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
 The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
 Of Vesta's temple ; there she lurk'd alone ;
 Muffled she sate, and, as she could, unknown :
 But by the flames that cast their blaze around,
 That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
 For Ilium burnt she dreads the Trojan sword—
 More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord—
 E'en by those gods who refug'd her abhorr'd.
 Trembling with rage the strumpet I regard,
 Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
 ' Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
 And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind ?

Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
 In state attended with a captive crew,
 While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
 And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls ?
 For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
 Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with
 blood.
 'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
 And boast no conquest, from a woman slain :
 Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
 The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
 And murm'ring manes of my friends appease.'

Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
 Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight
 (Never so radiant did her eyes appear—
 Not her own star confess'd a light so clear);
 Great in her charms, as when on gods above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
 Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
 'My son! from whence this madness, this neglect
 Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
 Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
 Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.

Look if your helpless father yet survive,
 Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live:
 Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
 And these had perish'd in the nightly war
 But for my presence and protecting care.
 Not Helen's face nor Paris was in fault;
 But by the gods was this destruction brought.
 Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
 The mists and films that mortal eyes involve;
 Purge from your sight the dross, and make you
 see
 The shape of each avenging deity.'"

Æneid, book ii.

No. 1096.

Scene between Æneas, Anchises, and Creüsa.

APOLLONIDES. *Calcedony.*

Æneas returns home, and urges Anchises to quit the city; he refuses; Creüsa and young Ascanius (called also Iulus) join in imploring him to consent. The following passages will sufficiently explain this and the three subsequent subjects.

"The good Anchises, whom by timely flight
 I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
 Refus'd the journey, resolute to die,
 And add his fun'rals to the fate of Troy,
 Rather than exile and old age sustain.
 'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein:
 Had heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
 Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
 'Tis sure enough, if not too much, for one
 Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
 Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
 And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
 These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath;
 At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
 To take my spoils and leave my body bare:
 As for my sepulchre, let heav'n take care.
 'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife
 Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;

Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
 Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.*
 This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die.
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
 Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry:
 'What! will he still persist, on death resolve,
 And in his ruin all his house involve?'
 He still persists his reasons to maintain;
 Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments are vain
 Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die:
 What hope remains but what my death must give?
 'Can I without so dear a father live?
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 If fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
 That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
 And you conspire with Fortune to be slain;

* Venus warned Anchises not to boast of her favours. However, he imprudently disobeyed; and he was accordingly blasted by lightning.

The way to death is wide, th' approaches near;
 For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
 Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew
 The son (inhuman!) in the father's view,
 And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
 O goddess-mother! give me back to Fate;
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
 Did you for this unhappy me convey
 Through foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
 Shall I my father, wife, and son, behold
 Welt'ring in blood each other's arms enfold?
 Haste! gird my sword, though spent and over-
 come:

'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.
 I hear thee, Fate! and I obey thy call!
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
 Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.'
 Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield;
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.

I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
 And 'cross the threshold in my passage lay,
 Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have
 gone,
 Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son.
 'If death be your design—at least,' said she,
 'Take us along, to share your destiny.
 If any farther hopes in arms remain,
 This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
 To whom do you expose your father's life,
 Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife?'

While thus she fills the house with clam'rous
 cries,
 Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
 For while I held my son, in the short space
 Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
 (Strange to relate!) from young Iülus' head
 A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
 Around his brows, and on his temple fed.
 Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
 To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
 But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
 His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:

'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
 Thy will—if piety can pray'rs commend,—
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd
 to send.'

Scarce had he said, when on our left we hear
 A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
 There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
 Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly:
 From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
 And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idæan grove.
 It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
 Then in a streaming stench of sulphur died.

The good old man with suppliant hands im-
 plor'd

The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
 'No, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay!
 I yield—I follow where heav'n shews the way.
 Keep (O my country-gods!) our dwelling-place,
 And guard this relic of the Trojan race—
 This tender child! These omens are your own;
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town:
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshew.
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'
 He said: the crackling flames appear on high;
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky;
 With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire,
 And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
 'Haste, my dear father! ('tis no time to wait)
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight:
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
 My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
 Next you, my servants, heed my strict com-
 mands:

Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
 To Ceres hallow'd once: a cypress nigh
 Shoots up her venerable head on high,
 By long religion kept; there bend your feet,
 And in divided parties let us meet.
 Our country-gods, the relics, and the bands,
 Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
 In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
 Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,

Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'

Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tripp'd along:
Creüsa kept behind. By choice we stray
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless just before—
The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
My father, looking through the shades with
fear,

Cried out, 'Haste, haste, my son! the foes are
nigh;

Their swords and shining armour I descry.'

Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
For while through winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends at Ceres' now-deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends—her son, and wretched me!
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before."

Æneid, book ii.

No. 1097.

Creüsa and Ascanius imploring Æneas not to return to the battle.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1098.

Anchises, Æneas, and Creüsa in amazement at the miraculous flame that
played round the head of Ascanius.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1099.

The family of Æneas quitting Troy.

EVODOS. *Sardonyx.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1100.

The ghost of Creüsa disappearing from Æneas.

SOSOCLES. *Cornelian.*

Æneas misses Creüsa, and returns back in quest of her: her ghost appears, and announces to him that she is detained by Cybele to become her attendant on Mount Ida.

“ Stung with my loss, and raving with despair—
Abandoning my now-forgotten care—
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft—
My sire, my son, my country-gods I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death:
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forc’d to shun.
I tread my former tracks—through night explore
Each passage—ev’ry street I cross’d before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful e’en the silence of the night.
Then to my father’s house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill’d with foes, with flames beset;
Driv’n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam’s palace I resort,
And search the citadel and desert court.
Then, unobserv’d, I pass by Juno’s church:
A guard of Grecians had possess’d the porch;
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey—
The spoils which they from ransack’d houses
brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught—
The tables of the gods—the purple vests—
The people’s treasure, and the pomp of priests:
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion’d hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.

Then, with ungovern’d madness, I proclaim
Through all the silent streets Creüsa’s name:
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears,
And sudden through the shades of night appears—

Appears no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre larger than the life.
Aghast—astonish’d, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood: like bristles rose my stiffen’d hair.
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
‘ Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much-lov’d lord, t’ indulge your pain;
You bear no more than what the gods ordain:
My fates permit me not from hence to fly,
Nor he, the great Controller of the sky.
Long wand’ring ways for you the pow’rs decree—
On land hard labours, and a length of sea:
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium’s happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flow’ry meadows and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom and a royal bride:
There Fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th’ imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;
Or, stooping to the victor’s lust, disgrace
My goddess-mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell! the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes.
I trust our common issue to your care.’
She said, and gliding pass’d unseen in air.
I strove to speak, but horror tied my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And, thrice deceiv’d, on vain embraces hung:
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush’d away.”

Æneid, book ii.

No. 1101.

Æneas at the tomb of Polydorus.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

After the destruction of Troy and the departure of the Greeks, the Trojans who survived built a fleet, and sailed first for Thrace. There, when Æneas plucks up some shrubs to deck an altar, blood distils from the roots, and a voice announces that it is the blood of young Polydore (buried there), son of Priam, murdered for the sake of his treasures by Polymestor the king, under whose protection he was placed.

“ When heav’n had overturn’d the Trojan state,
And Priam’s throne, by too severe a fate ;
When ruin’d Troy became the Grecian’s prey,
And Ilium’s lofty tow’rs in ashes lay,
Warn’d by celestial omens we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida’s foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
And build our fleet—uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign’d.
Friends daily flock ; and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
When old Anchises summon’d all to sea :
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.

Against our coast appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command
(Thracia the name—the people bold in war—
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care) :
A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion join’d.
I land, with luckless omens ; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore :
I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Ænos—nam’d from me—the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the pow’rs that rising labours aid ;
A bull on Jove’s imperial altar laid.
Not far a rising hillock stood in view ;
Sharp myrtles on the sides, and cornels grew :

There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull’d a plant—with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—
The rooted fibres rose, and from the wound
Black bloody drops distill’d upon the ground.
Mute and amaz’d, my hair with terror stood ;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal’d my blood.
Mann’d once again, another plant I try ;
That other gush’d with the same sanguine dye.
Then fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With pray’rs and vows the Dryads I atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast ;
That they, or he, these omens would avert—
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear’d as I thought, and fully fix’d at length
To learn the cause, I tugg’d with all my strength ;
I bent my knees against the ground : once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce can I tell the sequel : from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew’d
My fright, and then these dreadful words en-
sued :

‘ Why dost thou thus my buried body rend ?
Oh ! spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend !
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood :
The tears distil not from the wounded wood ;
But ev’ry drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
Oh ! fly from this inhospitable shore,
Warn’d by my fate ; for I am Polydore !

Here loads of lances, in my blood imbrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'

My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare
My horror ; and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent ;
Loaded with gold he sent his darling, far
From noise and tumults, and destructive war,
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care ;
Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join—
Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of truth,
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O sacred hunger of pernicious gold !
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold ?
Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers—

Relate the prodigies of heav'n—require
What he commands—and their advice desire.
All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore ;
But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,
Then to his ghost a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round,
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

Now, when the raging storms no longer
reign,
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels with a prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind."

Æneid, book iii.

No. 1102.

Æneas meeting Andromache at the cenotaph of Hector.

SOLON. *Cornelian.*

Æneas lands in Epirus, and there meets Andromache the widow of Hector, who, after the death of Pyrrhus son of Achilles (to whom she was assigned as a captive on the sacking of Troy), wedded Helenus, a celebrated soothsayer, and son of Priam.

"The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by
Fame—

How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece—that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne—
And fair Andromache, restor'd by Fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate :

Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd ;
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood :
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
My shining armour and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat ;
She faints—she falls ! and scarce recovering
strength,

Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she speaks at length :
'Are you alive, O goddess-born ?' she said ;
'Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade ?'
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry."

Æneid, book iii.

No. 1103.

Parting of Æneas, Ascanius, and Andromache.

ADMON. *Sardonyx.*

Helenus entertained Æneas with much hospitality—traced for him the outlines of his future fortunes—and gave him useful instructions for the prosecution of his voyage.

“Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor’d,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flow’rs on golden tissue wrought;
A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
‘Accept,’ she said, ‘these monuments of love,
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard these trifles for the giver’s sake—
’Tis the last present Hector’s wife can make.
Thou call’st my lost Astyanax to mind—
In thee his features and his form I find—
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame—
Such were his motions—such was all his frame;
And, ah! had heav’n so pleas’d, his years had
been the same.’

With tears I took my last adieu, and said:
‘Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wish. My diff’rent state,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.

To you a quiet seat the gods allow:
You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase—
Deluding visions and a vain embrace!
You see another Simoïs, and enjoy
The labour of your hands—another Troy,
With better auspice than her ancient tow’rs,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow’rs.
If e’er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tiber’s happy shore—
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own,—
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in equal acts of friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same;
The double Troy* shall differ but in name:
That what we now begin may never end,
But long to late posterity descend.’”

Æneid, book iii.

No. 1104.

Æneas receiving into his ship Achæmenides, who escaped from the Cyclops.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

Anchises, having arrived at the country of the Cyclops, in Sicily, saves one of the companions of Ulysses, who had been inadvertently left on the coast.†

“‘Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal’d—
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell’d—
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite—

So thin—so ghastly meagre—and so wan—
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man!
This thing all tatter’d, seem’d from far t’ implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.

* Helenus called his city Troy.

† Anchises died after this at Drepanum, on the western coast of Sicily.

We look'd amazed; then view his shaggy beard;
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his
limbs besmear'd:

The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek; and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—
Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls:
'Now by the pow'rs above, and what we share
From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town.
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime de-

mands,
I die content to die by human hands.'
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past—
His present state—his lineage, and his name—
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand:
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand.
'From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy; and Achæmenides my name.
Me my poor father with Ulysses sent
(O! had I stay'd, with poverty content!);
But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, is dark; the dismal floor
Is pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue—
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food;
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.

These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
For gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with potent
wine,

While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His undigested foam, and morsels raw,—
We pray—we cast the lots—and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eye-ball with a flaming brand.
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye—
For only one did the vast frame supply—
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield;
The stroke succeeds, and down the pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches! haste to fly!
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him in caves they shut their woolly sheep—
Like him, their herds to tops of mountains keep—
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from
steep to steep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns re-
new,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops like a warlike tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes I cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.

On those I fix'd my hopes—to these I run—
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun :
What other death you please, yourselves bestow.'

Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
We saw the giant-shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore—
A monstrous bulk—deform'd—depriv'd of sight—
His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright.
His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends ;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends :
This only solace his hard fortune sends,
Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the
waves,

From his bor'd eye the glutt'ring blood he laves.
He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd ; through seas
he strides ;

And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.

Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we ran to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away ;
The well-deserving stranger entertain ;
Then buckling to the work, our oars divide the
main.

The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound :
But when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud : the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas ; the billows fly
Before the bellowing noise to distant Italy.
The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And rushing down the mountains, crowd the
shore.

We saw their stern distorted looks from far,
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war—
A dreadful council ! with their heads on high
(The misty clouds about their foreheads fly),
Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail ;
We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail,
And take th' advantage of the friendly gale."

Æneid, book iii.

No. 1105.

Æneas and Dido in the cave.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Æneas and Dido having gone out on a hunting-party, a storm comes on, and they take shelter in a cave. There Juno and Hymen attend, and perform the marriage-ceremony.

"Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd
the seat

Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain-goats : they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground :
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase in open view maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and those out-
rides.

His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash and goading of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way ;
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

Meantime the gath'ring clouds obscure the
skies,

From pole to pole the forky lightning flies ;
The rattling thunders roll ; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.

The company, dispers'd, to coverts ride,
 And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow
 side.
 The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
 The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
 One common cavern in her bosom hides.
 Then first the trembling earth the signal gave ;
 And flashing fires enlighten all the cave :

Hell from below, and Juno from above,
 And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
 From this ill-omen'd hour, in time, arose
 Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
 The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
 No longer made a secret of her love,
 But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
 To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame."
Æneid, book iv.

No. 1106.

Jupiter despatching Mercury to command Æneas to quit Carthage.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

The following quotation will suffice for this and the subsequent subject.

"He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends ;
 By whom this menacing command he sends :
 'Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the
 sky ;
 Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly :
 There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
 In slothful riot and inglorious ease ;
 Nor minds the future city giv'n by Fate.
 To him this message from my mouth relate :
 'Not so fair Venus hoped, when twice she won
 Thy life with pray'rs ; nor promis'd such a son.
 Her's was a hero, destin'd to command
 A martial race, and rule the Latian land ;
 Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw,
 And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean ;
 Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
 And grudge the Romans their immortal name ?
 What are his vain designs ? what hopes he more
 From his long lingering on a hostile shore,
 Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
 And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast ?
 Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake—
 With this command the slumb'ring warrior
 wake.'

Hermes obeys ; with golden pinions binds
 His flying feet, and mounts the western winds ;
 And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
 With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
 But first he grasps within his awful hand
 The mark of sovereign pow'r, his magic wand :
 With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves ;
 With this he drives them down the Stygian waves ;
 With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight ;
 And eyes, though closed in death, restores to light.
 Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
 And drives the racking clouds along the liquid
 space ;
 Now sees the top of Atlas as he flies,
 Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
 Atlas, whose head with piny forests crown'd,
 Is beaten with the winds—with foggy vapours
 bound ;
 Snows hide his shoulders ; from beneath his chin
 The founts of rolling streams their race begin ;
 A beard of ice on his large breast depends :
 Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends :
 Then, resting thus, he from the tow'ring height
 Plung'd downward with precipitated flight—
 Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
 As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,

By these my pray'rs, if prayers may yet have
 place,
 Pity the fortunes of a falling race!
 For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state—
 For you alone I suffer in my fame,
 Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame!
 Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
 (That only name remains of all the rest!)
 What have I left? or whither can I fly?
 Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
 Or till Iarbus shall in triumph lead
 A queen that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
 Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our delight—
 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight—
 Some young Æneas to supply your place,
 Whose features might express his father's face,
 I should not then complain to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left.'

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his
 eyes,
 By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
 Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length
 replies:

'Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
 Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
 Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
 While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
 This only let me speak in my defence;
 I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,

Much less pretended to the lawful claim
 Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
 For, if indulgent heav'n would leave me free,
 And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
 My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
 Those relics to review, their dust adore,
 And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
 But now the Delphian oracle commands,
 And fate invites me to the Latian lands:
 That is the promis'd place to which I steer;
 And all my vows are terminated there.
 If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born,
 With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn,
 Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
 Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
 As often as the night obscures the skies
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
 Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
 And young Ascanius justly may complain,
 Defrauded of his fate and destin'd reign.
 E'en now the herald of the gods appear'd—
 Waking I saw him, and his message heard—
 From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly
 bright
 With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
 (The sender and the sent I both attest):
 These walls he enter'd, and these words express'd.
 Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
 Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.'

Æneid, book iv.

No. 1109.

Mercury warning Æneas in his sleep to expedite his departure.

CARILAOS.

"These thoughts she brooded in her anxious
 breast—
 On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
 Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the
 night;
 And order'd all things for his early flight.

Cornelian.

To whom once more the winged god appears:
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
 And with this new alarm invades his ears:
 'Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou
 drown
 Thy needful cares so near a hostile town

Beset with foes ; nor hear'st the western gales
 Invite thy passage and inspire thy sails ?
 She harbours in her heart a furious hate
 (And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),
 Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
 Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly !
 The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
 And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
 Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies,
 And sail before the purple morn arise.
 Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring ?
 Woman's a various and a changeful thing.'
 Thus Hermes in the dream ; then took his flight
 Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
 The pious prince arose with hasty fear ;

Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay :
 'Haste to your banks ! your crooked anchors weigh,
 And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
 A god commands : he stood before my sight,
 And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
 O sacred pow'r ! what pow'r soe'er thou art,
 To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart :
 Lead thou the way ; protect thy Trojan bands ;
 And prosper the design thy will commands.'
 He said ; and drawing forth his flaming sword,
 His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted
 cord.*
 An emulating zeal inspires his train—
 They run—they snatch—they rush into the main.
 With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
 And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars."

Æneid, book iv.

No. 1110.

Death of Dido.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian*.

When Dido finds Æneas determined on departing, she resolves not to survive his absence ; and under the pretence of performing certain magical rites, in order either to regain the lost love of Æneas, or get rid of her own, orders a funeral pile to be erected, on which were to be placed the clothes and sword of Æneas. On this pile she kills herself with his sword.

"Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
 And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste ;
 Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind
 (Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
 But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
 Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
 She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd ;
 Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
 Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last :
 'Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
 Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.

My fatal course is finish'd ; and I go,
 A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
 A lofty city by my hands is rais'd—
 Pygmalion† punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
 What could my fortune have afforded more,
 Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore ?
 Then kiss'd the couch : and, 'Must I die ?' she
 said,
 'And unreveng'd ? 'tis doubly to be dead !
 Yet e'en this death with pleasure I receive :
 On any terms, 'tis better than to live.

* The cable.

† Pygmalion, the avaricious and tyrannical king of Tyre, and brother of Dido, slew her husband Sichæus in the temple of which he was priest, in order to get possession of his wealth. But Dido had her revenge by carrying off the treasures, and inducing a great number of the wealthy citizens to accompany her to the coast of Africa, where she founded Carthage.

These flames from far may the false Trojan view,
 These boding omens his base flight pursue!
 She said, and struck—deep enter'd in her side
 The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:
 Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands,
 The spouting blood comes streaming on her hands.
 Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
 And with loud cries the sounding palace shook:
 Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
 And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
 First from the frightened court the yell began;
 Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
 Of mixing women mount the vaulted skies.
 Not less the clamour than if, ancient Tyre,
 Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,
 The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
 Her sister hears; and furious with despair,
 She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair;
 And calling on Eliza's* name aloud,
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd:
 'Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd—
 These fires—this funeral pile—these altars rear'd?

Was all this train of plots contriv'd,' said she,
 'All only to deceive unhappy me?
 Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
 Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come:
 One sword had serv'd us both—one common
 tomb!

Was I to raise the pile—the pow'rs invoke,
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
 At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me—
 Thy town—thy senate—and thy colony!
 Bring water—bathe the wound; while I in death
 Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying
 breath.'

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd;
 Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore
 To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the
 gore.

Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
 And, fainting, thrice fell grov'ling on the bed;
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light;
 But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
 And clos'd her lids at last in endless night."

Æneid, book iv.

No. 1111.

Combat of Dares and Entellus.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

Æneas, after quitting Carthage, where he resided nearly a year, was forced by stress of weather to put in at Sicily. Here he is hospitably entertained by Acestes, a prince of Trojan lineage. He institutes games to commemorate his father's death. Among the contests—such as sailing, racing, archery—a combat with the gauntlet holds a prominent rank.

"The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
 Once more the prince bespeaks th'assembl'd crowd:
 'If there be here whose dauntless courage dare
 In gauntlet-fight, with limbs and body bare,
 His opposite sustain in open view,
 Stand forth the champion, and the games renew!

Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—
 A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,
 Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief:
 A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.'
 Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
 Stalking he strides—his head erected bears;

* Dido.

His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield;
 And loud applauses echo through the field.
 Dares, alone in combat used to stand,
 The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
 The same at Hector's fun'ral undertook
 Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,
 And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
 Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
 Such Dares was, and such he strode along,
 And drew the wonder of the gazing throng:
 His brawny back and ample breast he shews;
 His lifted arms around his head he throws,
 And deals in whistling air his empty blows.
 His match is sought; but through the trembling
 band

Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
 Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes
 Already he devours the promis'd prize.
 He claims the bull with awless insolence,
 And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
 'If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
 How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
 Permit me, chief—permit, without delay,
 To lead this uncontended gift away.'
 The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,
 For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fir'd with just disdain to see
 The plain usurp'd without a victory,
 Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sat beside,
 And heard and saw unmov'd the Trojan's pride:
 'Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
 So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown!
 A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
 And shun for fear the danger of the fight?
 Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name—
 The god who taught your thund'ring arm the game?
 Where now your baffled honour? where the spoil
 That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle!
 Entellus thus: 'My soul is still the same,
 Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
 But my chill blood is curdled in my veins;
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains.

Oh! could I turn to that fair prime again—
 That prime of which this boaster is so vain—
 The brave, who this decrepit age defies,
 Should feel my force without the promis'd prize.'
 He said; and, rising at the word, he threw
 Two pond'rous gauntlets down in open view—
 Gauntlets which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
 And sheath his hands with, in the listed field.
 With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
 The gloves of death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds
 Of tough bull-hides; the space within is spread
 With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
 Dares himself was daunted at the sight—
 Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
 Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
 And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.

'What had your wonder,' said Entellus, 'been,
 Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
 And view'd the stern debate on this unhappy
 green?

These which I bear your brother Eryx* bore,
 Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
 With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm;
 And these I wielded while my blood was warm—
 This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
 Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd
 my head.

But if the challenger these arms refuse,
 And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
 If great Æneas and Acestes join
 In his request—these gauntlets I resign:
 Let us with equal arms perform the fight;
 Let him resign his fear, since I resign my right.'

This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
 Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares;
 Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn, he stands
 A goodly tow'ring object, on the sands.
 Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,
 Which round their shoulders to their wrists they
 tied.

Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
 Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;

* Eryx was the son of Venus, and half-brother of Æneas.

Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar ;
 With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
 One on his youth and pliant limbs relies—
 One on his sinews and his giant size.
 The last is stiff with age—his motion slow—
 He heaves for breath—he staggers to and fro,
 And clouds of steaming breath his nostrils loudly
 blow.

Yet equal in success, they ward—they strike :
 Their ways are diff'rent, but their art alike.
 Before—behind—the blows are dealt—around
 Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.
 A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies
 And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes—
 Nor always errs ; for oft the gauntlet draws
 A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
 Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
 But with his warping body wards the wound.
 His hand and watchful eye keep even pace ;
 Whiles Dares traverses, and shifts his place,
 And like a captain who beleaguers round
 Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
 Views all th' approaches with observing eyes ;
 This and that other part in vain he tries,
 And more on industry than force relies.
 With hands on high, Entellus threatens the foe,
 But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
 And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long-descend-
 ing blow.

Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
 And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
 Headlong and heavy fell : his ample breast
 And weighty limbs his ancient mother press'd.
 So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
 On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
 Torn from the roots. The diff'ring nations rise,
 And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.
 Acestes runs with eager haste to raise
 The fall'n companion of his youthful days.
 Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd ;
 With shame his glowing cheek, his eyes with fury
 burn'd.

Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,
 And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
 He lays on blows with either hand amain,
 And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain ;
 Nor stops, nor stays—nor rest, nor breath allows ;
 But storms of strokes descend about his brows—
 A rattling tempest and a hail of blows.
 But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
 Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,
 And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
 First to the Trojan, spent with toil he came,
 And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
 'What fury seiz'd my friend ! The gods,' said he,
 'To him propitious, and averse to thee,
 Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine :
 'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.'
 The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore
 His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore :
 His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood ;
 And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
 Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,
 And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
 The sword and casque are carried by his train ;
 But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion then before Æneas came,
 Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame :
 'O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
 Mark with attention, and forgive my boast ;
 Learn what I was by what remains ; and know
 From what impending fate you sav'd my foe.'
 Sternly he spoke, and then confronts the bull ;
 And on his ample forehead aiming full,
 The deadly stroke descending pierc'd the skull.
 Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
 But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the
 ground.
 Then thus : 'In Dares' stead I offer this—
 Eryx ! accept a nobler sacrifice ;
 Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield ;
 Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the
 field.'"

Æneid, book v.

No. 1112.

The Trojan women burning the fleet of Æneas.

POLYCLETES. *Sardonyx.*

Juno, wishing to prevent Æneas from reaching Italy, sends Iris to instigate the Trojan women to fire the fleet, while the men are engaged at the games.

“ Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gath'ring crowd, and gliding thence
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan :
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
' Alas !' said one, ' what oceans yet remain
For us to sail ! what labours to sustain !'
All take the word, and, with a gen'ral groan,
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their
own.

The goddess great in mischief views their pains,
And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs re-
strains.

In face and shape old Beroe she became,
Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once bless'd with riches and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began :
' O wretched we ! whom not the Grecian pow'r
Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour !
O wretched we ! reserv'd by cruel Fate
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state !
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this unprosp'rous voyage we begun—
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to
lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands—
Wand'ring in exile through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.

Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,*
What should our rest and rising walls withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band ?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain !
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or streams of some dissembled Simois view ?
Haste ! join with me ! th' unhappy fleet consume :
Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her ; she supplied my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming
brands :

' With these,' said she, ' these wand'ring ships de-
stroy—

These are your fated seats, and this your Troy.'
Time calls you now, the precious hour employ ;
Slack not the good presage, while heav'n in-
spires

Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See ! Neptune's altars minister their brands :
The god is pleas'd ; the god supplies our hands.'
Then from the pile a flaming fire she drew,
And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.
Rapt in amaze, the matrons wildly stare :
Then Pyrgo, rev'renc'd for her hoary hair—
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race :
' No Beroe this, though she belies her face !
What terrors from her frowning front arise !
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes !
What rays around her heav'nly face are seen !
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal
mien !

* For it was under the dominion of Alcestes, a Trojan.

Beroe but now I left, whom, pin'd with pain,
 Her age and anguish from these rites detain.'
 She said. The matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
 Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.
 They fear, and hope, and neither part obey :
 They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
 The goddess, having done her task below,
 Mounts upon equal wings, and bends her painted
 bow.
 Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
 The matrons prosecute their mad design :

They shriek aloud ; they snatch, with impious
 hands,
 The food of altars : firs and flaming brands,
 Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,
 And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.
 The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains ;
 And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins :
 Triumphant on the painted stern he soars,
 And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling
 oars."

Æneid, book v.

No. 1113.

Venus entreating Neptune to favour the voyage of Æneas after leaving Sicily.

SOLON. *Sardonyx*.

Æneas left the offenders behind him, and set sail for Italy. The following quotation will suffice for this and the three subsequent subjects.

" Meantime the mother-goddess, full of fears,
 To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears :
 'The pride of Jove's imperious queen—the rage—
 The malice—which no sufferings can assuage,
 Compel me to these pray'rs ; since neither fate—
 Nor time—nor pity—can remove her hate.
 E'en Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife :
 Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
 As if 'twere little to consume the town
 Which aw'd the world, and wore the imperial
 crown,

She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
 And gnaws, e'en to the bones, the last remains.
 Let her the causes of her hatred tell ;
 But you can witness its effects too well.
 You saw the storm she rais'd on Libyan floods,
 That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds,
 When, bribing Æolus, she took the main,
 And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign.
 With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
 To burn their fleet with execrable flames,

And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
 To leave his followers on a foreign coast.
 For what remains, your godhead I implore,
 And trust my son to your protecting pow'r ;
 If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,
 Secure his passage to the Latian land.'

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main :
 'What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign ?
 My kingdom claims your birth ; my late defence
 Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confi-
 dence.

Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare,
 How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
 Thee, Xanthus ! and thee, Simois ! I attest—
 Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
 And drove before him headlong on the plain,
 And dash'd against the walls the trembling train,
 When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain ;
 When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
 Stood up on ridges to behold the sea
 (New heaps came tumbling in and chok'd his way) ;

When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds
 Of force unequal, and unequal gods,
 I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
 Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight—
 E'en then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
 My will's the same: fair goddess! fear no more,
 Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore.
 Their lives are giv'n: one destin'd head alone
 Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.'
 Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
 His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
 And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
 High on the waves his azure car he guides;
 Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
 And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
 The tempests fly before their father's face;
 Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
 And monster whales before their master play,
 And choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
 The marshal'd pow'rs in equal troops divide
 To right and left; the gods his better side
 Enclose; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and
 Nereids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
 Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
 He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
 The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
 They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
 A-head of all the master-pilot steers;
 And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
 The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky;
 The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
 When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
 Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.

Thou, Palinurus, art his destined prey;
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
 Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep he bears;
 And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas
 wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
 'The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
 The ships, without thy care, securely sail:
 Now steal an hour of sweet repose, and I
 Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.'
 To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
 'Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep,
 The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
 And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
 Shall I believe the siren South again,
 And, oft betray'd, not know the monster-main?'
 He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder keep;
 And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading
 sleep.

The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
 A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian
 dew;

The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,
 Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
 Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
 The god, insulting with superior strength,
 Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
 And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
 Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
 Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.
 The victor demon mounts obscure in air,
 While the ship sails without the pilot's care;
 On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
 But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
 And o'er the dang'rous deep secure the navy flies."

Æneid, book v.

No. 1114.

The same subject.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

4 z

No. 1115.

The Genius of Sleep with poppy overpowering Palinurus.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

See last paragraph of preceding quotation.

No. 1116.

Palinurus in the sea, holding the rudder of his ship, while the God of Sleep flies away.

ALLION. *Sardonyx.*

See last paragraph of preceding quotation.

No. 1117.

The sea-god Triton seizing Misenus.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

Æneas having arrived at Cumæ in Italy, went, accompanied by Achates, to consult the Sibyl. In his absence, Misenus, the famous trumpeter, was killed by Triton, whom he challenged to a trial of skill.

“But soon they found an object to deplore :
Misenus lay extended on the shore—
Son of the god of winds :—none so renown’d
The warrior-trumpet in the field to sound,
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate in honourable
arms.

He serv’d great Hector, and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
But, by Pelides’ arm when Hector fell,
He chose Æneas; and he chose as well.

Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore.
With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge,
drown’d,
Snatch’d from the rock on which he took his
stand ;
Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand :
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep ; but most Æneas mourns his fate,
And hastens to perform the fun’ral state.”*

Æneid, book vi.

* It is the general opinion of the critics, that, as Homer does not mention the trumpet as having been used during the Trojan war, the instrument was not then known : but this passage shews that Virgil had a different opinion.

No. 1118.

Triton hurling Misenus into the sea.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonys.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1119.

Æneas plucking the golden branch.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

Æneas having, in compliance with the instructions of Helenus, and the advice of his father's shade that appeared to him, consulted the Sibyl of Cumæ about his meditated descent to the infernal regions in order to consult the spirit of his father, she told him that he should first pluck, from a certain tree in a wood sacred to Proserpine, a branch that had golden bark and leaves, which would be a kind of passport.

“ Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove;
And then in vows implor'd the queen of love:
' O! may thy power, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.'
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
' Be you my guides—lend your auspicious aid,
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress be present to my pray'r.'
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful
sight
Observing still the motions of their flight,

What course they took, what happy signs they
shew.
They fed, and flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew
Still farther from the place, but still in view;
Hopping and flying thus they led him on
To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to shun,*
They wing'd their flight aloft; then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden
bough.
Through the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows
glow;
As, on the sacred oak, the wint'ry misletoe,
Where the proud mother views her precious
brood,
And happier branches which she never sow'd.
Such was the glitt'ring, such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away with ease the ling'ring gold;
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.”

Æneid, book vi.

* Avernus.

No. 1120.

Æneas, the Sibyl, Charon, and Cerberus, in the infernal regions.

POLYCLETES. *Sardonix.*

Æneas and the Sibyl, after the performance of many propitiatory rites, descend to the infernal regions.

“Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl’d aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—
A sordid god : down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends—uncomb’d—unclean !
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire !
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire !
He spreads his canvass ; with his pole he steers ;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom
bears.

He look’d in years ; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigour and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill’d the margin of the fatal flood—
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes’ more majestic shades,
And youths, entomb’d before their father’s eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble
cries :

Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc’d, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands,—
Such, and so thick, the shiv’ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore :
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld, with wond’ring eyes,
The tumult mix’d with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask’d of his guide what the rude concourse meant ?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent ?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us’d ?
Why some were ferried o’er, and some refus’d ?
‘Son of Anchises ! offspring of the gods !’
The Sibyl said ; ‘you see the Stygian floods,

The sacred streams which heav’n’s imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are th’ unhappy crew
Depriv’d of sepulchres and fun’ral due.
The boatman, Charon : those—the buried host,
He ferries over to the farther coast.
Nor dares his transport-vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not compos’d in
graves :
A hundred years they wander on the shore ;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o’er.’

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw :
Whom from the shore the surly boatman saw ;
Observ’d their passage through the shady wood,
And mark’d their near approaches to the flood.
Then thus he call’d aloud, inflam’d with wrath :
‘Mortal, whate’er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum’st to tread ! I charge thee, stand
And tell thy name, and bus’ness in this land.
Know this the realm of night—the Stygian shore :
My boat conveys no living bodies o’er.
Nor was I pleas’d great Theseus once to bear,
Who forc’d a passage with his pointed spear ;
Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame,
And from th’ immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter tied,
And took him trembling from his sov’reign’s
side :

Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride.’
To whom the Sibyl thus : ‘Compose thy mind ;
Nor frauds are here contriv’d, nor force design’d :
Still may the dog the wand’ring troops constrain
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train ;
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.

The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
 Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
 Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.
 If neither piety, nor heav'n's command,
 Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
 This fatal present shall prevail at least—
 Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within
 her vest.

Nor more was needful; for the gloomy god
 Stood mute with awe to see the golden rod;
 Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen—
 A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
 His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land:
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
 He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
 The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
 The pressing water pours within her sides.

His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
 Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.
 No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the Stygian sound—
 Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
 His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
 The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
 A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard,
 Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
 His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar:
 With three enormous mouths he gapes; and
 straight,
 With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
 Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs en-
 slave;
 He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave."

Æneid, book vi.

No. 1121.

Interview of Æneas and Dido in the infernal regions.

ANTEROTOS. *Sardonys*.

Æneas meets the ghosts of several eminent persons whom he knew in life; among them Dido and Deïphobus.

"Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
 Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
 (Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light),
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade,
 And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
 'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
 Of rumour true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas! the cause?—By heav'n I vow,
 And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
 Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate—
 Those gods—that fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions void of light,
 Through the vast empire of eternal night.

Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!
 'Tis the last interview that fate allows!
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
 With tears and pray'rs and late-repenting love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 She fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
 And what he says and swears regards no more
 Than the deaf rocks when the loud billows roar;
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;
 Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove,
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.
 Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
 And followed with his eyes the flitting shade."

Æneid, book vi.

No. 1122.

Helen stealing the arms of Deïphobus.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

After the death of Paris, his brother Deïphobus married Helen. On the night when Troy was sacked, she stole his arms as he slept, and admitted Menelaus, who slew him.

"Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound:
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
And therefore first began: 'O Teucer's race!
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this
dire disgrace?"

'Twas fam'd that, in our last and fatal night,
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground.'

The ghost replied: 'Your piety has paid
All needful rites to rest my wand'ring shade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.

These are the monuments of Helen's love—
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore
above.
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night that was by heav'n decreed our last:
For when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy
town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.'"

Æneid, book vi.

No. 1123.

Murder of Deïphobus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Sardonynx.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1124.

Æneas and Anchises in the Elysian plains.

DIOSCORIDES. *Sardonyx.*

“To these the Sibyl thus her speech address’d,
And first to him surrounded by the rest
(Tow’ring his height, and ample was his breast):
‘Say, happy souls! divine Musæus, say
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross’d the bitter
lake?’

To this the sacred poet thus replied:

‘In no fix’d place the happy souls reside:
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams that murmur through the
meads.

But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey’s end.’
This said, he led them up the mountain’s
brow,

And shews them all the shining fields below:
They wind the hill, and through the blissful mea-
dows go.

But old Anchises, in a flow’ry vale,
Review’d his muster’d race, and took the tale—
Those happy spirits which, ordain’d by Fate,
For future being and new bodies wait—
With studious thought observ’d th’ illustrious
throng,

In nature’s order as they pass’d along;
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their
care,

In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms and falling tears.

‘Welcome,’ he said, ‘the gods’ undoubted race!
O long-expected to my dear embrace!
Once more ’tis giv’n me to behold your face!

The love and pious duty which you pay
Have pass’d the perils of so hard a way.
’Tis true, computing times, I now believ’d
The happy day approach’d; nor are my hopes
deceiv’d.

What length of lands—what oceans have you
pass’d—

What storms sustain’d—and on what shores been
cast!

How have I fear’d your fate! but fear’d it most
When Love assail’d you on the Libyan coast.’

To this the filial duty thus replies:

‘Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
Appear’d, and often urg’d this painful enter-
prise.

After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.

But reach your hand, O parent shade! nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son.’

He said; and falling tears his face bedew;
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw,
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp’d away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A sep’rate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through
the trees;

And just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden
dew

In summer’s heat; on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells to suck the balmy
seed:

The winged army roams the field around ;
 The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
 Æneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause
 Which to the stream the crowding people draws.

Then thus the sire: 'The souls that throng the
 flood
 Are those to whom by Fate are other bodies
 owed.'"

Æneid, book vi.

Anchises explains to Æneas the Pythagorean philosophy of the transmigration of souls; and points out the glorious race of heroes that is to descend from him and his posterity.

No. 1125.

Juno urging the fury Alecto to incite Queen Amata and the Latins
 against the Trojans.

APOLLONIOS. *Cornelian*.

Æneas, on his return from the infernal regions, sails for Latium, of which Latinus, a descendant from Saturn, is king. Æneas despatches an embassy to the king, and the king receives it kindly, and, warned by many signs and predictions, promises to give Æneas his only daughter Lavinia in marriage. But Amata the queen is favourable to the suit of Turnus, king of the Rutulians. Juno, the enemy of the Trojans, is instrumental in breaking the treaty which was made, and a war ensues, which terminates in the death of Turnus, the marriage of Æneas, and his succession to the crown.

"Thus having said, she sinks beneath the
 ground
 With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
 To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
 Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
 This fury, fit for her intent, she chose—
 One who delights in wars and human woes !
 E'en Pluto hates his own misshapen race ;
 Her sister-furies fly her hideous face :
 So frightful are the forms the monster takes—
 So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes !
 Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite :
 ' O virgin-daughter of eternal night,
 Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
 My right, and execute my just disdain.
 Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
 Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince ;
 Expel from Italy that odious name,
 And let not Juno suffer in her fame.

'Tis thine to ruin realms—o'erturn a state—
 Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
 And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate—
 Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
 And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
 Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
 Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds ;
 Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
 Their souls to hatred and their hands to war.'
 Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
 The fury sprang above the Stygian flood ;
 And on her iron wings, sublime through night,
 She to the Latian palace took her flight ;
 There sought the queen's apartment—stood be-
 fore
 The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
 Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
 Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
 And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.

From her black bloody locks the fury shakes
Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes :
With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs,
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.
Now like a chain around her neck he rides—
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees ;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war,
And thus bespoke her husband : ' Shall,' she said,
' A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed ?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom :
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away !
A guest like him—a Trojan guest—before,
In shew of friendship, sought the Spartan shore,
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word ;
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.

To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son!
Resume your ancient care ; and if the god,
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,*
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race.'
But when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage ; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast.
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And as young striplings whip the top for sport
On the smooth pavement of an empty court ;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd with clamours by the beardless rout :
They lash aloud ; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke ;—
Thus fares the queen ; and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before :
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
Wand'ring through woods and wilds, and devious
ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays."

Æneid, book vii.

No. 1126.

Alecto rousing Turnus from his sleep to attack the Trojans.

GNAIOS. *Sardonyx.*

“ Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep. The fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried
The foulness of th’ infernal form to hide.

Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling
mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws;
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;

* He consulted the oracle of his prophetic father Faunus, and, in reply, was advised to wed his daughter to Æneas.

Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound ;
 Her temples with an olive-wreath are crown'd.
 Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
 Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began,
 Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man :
 ' Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
 In fighting-fields, and conquer towns in vain—
 Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize—
 Usurp thy crown—enjoy thy victories?
 The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has bought,
 The king transfers ; and foreign heirs are sought!
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain!
 Repel the Tuscan foes—their cities seize—
 Protect the Latians in luxurious ease!
 This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends : I bear
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
 Haste ! arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain ;
 With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train ;
 Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
 In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
 The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
 Own his old promise, and his new forget—
 Let him in arms the pow'r of Turnus prove,
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
 For such is heav'n's command.' The youthful
 prince
 With scorn replied, and made his bold defence :
 ' You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
 The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.

I neither fear nor will provoke the war :
 My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
 Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.
 Go ! be the temple and the gods your care :
 Permit to men the thought of peace and war.'
 These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke ;
 And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.
 Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn ;
 Her hideous looks and hellish form return :
 Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
 And open all the furies of her face ;
 Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
 She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
 And ling'ring sought to frame some new replies.
 High on her head she rears two twisted snakes :
 Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes ;
 And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks :
 ' Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
 Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell!
 Behold the fates' infernal minister!
 War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.'
 Thus having said, her smould'ring torch, im-
 press'd
 With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
 Aghast he wak'd, and starting from his bed,
 Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread,
 ' Arms ! arms !' he cries, ' my sword and shield
 prepare !'
 He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war."

Æneid, book vii.

No. 1127.

Alecto instigating Ascanius to kill the favourite stag of Silvia.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian*.

Silvia, daughter of Tyrrheus, the king's ranger, had a favourite stag : this was killed by Ascanius. The cries of Silvia alarmed her brothers and the country people, who collect and attack the Trojans. Thus the war is kindled. The following quotation will suffice for this and the three subsequent subjects.

" While Turnus urges this his enterprise,
 The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies :
 New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand
 Which overlooks the vale with wide command ;

Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train
 With horns and hounds a hunting-match or-
 dain,
 And pitch their toils around the shady plain.

The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent:
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling
fed;

Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king;
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns—with ribands tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bath'd his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and growing, us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household-beast, that us'd the woodland
grounds,

Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim;
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting
sides.

The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
His old familiar hearth, and household-gods.
He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans!
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came;
Whate'er they catch, or find without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.

Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage and their rage provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods
around

And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war;
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.

At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried;
But now, both parties reinforce'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.

Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom to the clouds is thrown.

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war;
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
Among the rest the rich Galesu lies;
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of the unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.

Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.

To Juno thus she speaks: 'Behold! 'tis done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete; nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.'"

Æneid, book vii.

No. 1128.

Silvia bewailing the loss of her stag.

TEUCER. *Cornelian*.

See second paragraph of preceding quotation.

No. 1129.

Alecto blowing the trumpet of war.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian*.

See third paragraph of preceding quotation. The artist here uses a liberty in representing Alecto as standing on a stag, and in representing the stag as pierced through the throat; whereas Virgil says that she blew her horn from the house-top, and that the stag was wounded in the belly. No doubt these liberties were taken in order to give better effect to the picture.

No. 1130.

The death of Almon and Galesus—Alecto ascending to Heaven.

POLYCLETES. *Cornelian*.

See last paragraph of preceding quotation.

No. 1131.

Juno opening the gates of the temple of Janus.

SOLON. *Cornelian*.

In Rome, the temple of Janus was kept open during war, but shut in time of peace.

"A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
Their standard when in fighting-fields they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war—

Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain,—
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they
bear,
And still are worshipp'd with religious fear)

Before his temple stand ; the dire abode,
 And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
 Are fenc'd with brazen bolts ; without the gates,
 The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
 Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
 The Roman consul their decree declares,
 And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
 The youth in military shouts arise,
 And the loud trumpets break the yielding
 skies.
 These rites, of old by sov'reign princes us'd,
 Were the king's office ; but the king refus'd,
 Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
 Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war ;

But hid his head, and safe from loud alarms,
 Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
 Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from
 high ;
 At her approach the brazen hinges fly ;
 The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar ;
 And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
 The peaceful cities of the Ausonian shore,
 Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on fire ; and some, with studious care,
 Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare ;
 Some their soft limbs in painful marches try ;
 And war is all their wish, and *arms* their gen'ral
 cry."

Æneid, book vii.

No. 1132.

The river-god Tiber comforting and counselling *Æneas*.

ALPHEOS. *Cornelian*.

"While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the
 war,
 The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
 Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind ;
 Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd ;
 Explores himself in vain in ev'ry part,
 And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
 So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
 Strikes on the polish'd brass its trembling light,
 The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious beams from side to side ;
 Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
 And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.
 'Twas night ; and weary nature lull'd asleep
 The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
 And beasts and mortal men. The Trojan chief
 Was laid on Tiber's bank, oppress'd with grief,
 And found in silent slumber late relief.
 Then, through the shadows of the poplar-wood,
 Arose the father of the Roman flood ;

An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
 A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head :
 Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
 And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd :
 'Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
 O long expected in this promis'd place !
 Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd
 gods—
 Restor'd them to their hearths and old abodes ;
 This is thy happy home, the clime where fate
 Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state ;
 Fear not ! The war shall end in lasting peace,
 And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
 And that this nightly vision may not seem
 Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream ;
 A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
 All white herself, and white her thirty young.
 When thirty rolling years have run their race,
 Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
 Shall build a royal town of lasting fame,
 Which from this omen shall receive the name.*

* Alba.

Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
 And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
 With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
 Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
 Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls:
 Their town the founder Pallanteum calls—
 Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name;
 But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
 With war infesting the new colony:
 These make thy friends; and on their aid
 To thy free passage I submit my streams.
 Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
 And when the setting stars are lost in day,
 To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay;
 With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
 Her pride at length shall fail, her fury cease.

When thou return'st victorious from the war,
 Perform thy vows to me with grateful care:
 The god am I whose yellow water flows
 Around these fields, and fattens as it goes;
 Tiber my name—among the rolling floods,
 Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
 This is my certain seat. In times to come,
 My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome.
 He said, and plung'd below: while yet he spoke,
 His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
 He rose, and, looking up, beheld the skies
 With purple blushing, and the day arise.
 Then water in his hollow palm he took
 From Tiber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke."

Æneid, book viii.

No. 1133.

Venus soliciting Vulcan to forge armour for Æneas.

DIOSCORIDES. *Amethyst.*

"Now Night had shed her silver dew around,
 And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
 When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun),
 Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his aid;
 And that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
 Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
 'While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
 To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
 I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
 Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain
 A sinking empire longer to sustain,
 Though much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
 The danger of Æneas did deplore;
 But now, by Jove's command and fate's decree,
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy—
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
 O still propitious pow'r, that rul'st my heart!

A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
 To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
 With fated arms a less illustrious race.
 Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
 Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
 With fire and sword my people to destroy,
 And conquer Venus twice in conqu'ring Troy.'
 She said; and straight her arms, of snowy
 hue,
 About her unresolving husband threw.
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire—
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire!
 And all the godhead feels the wonted fire;
 Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
 Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.
 The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles;
 Then thus the pow'r, obedient to her charms,
 Panting and half dissolving in her arms:

'Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor fate,
Confirm'd their empire to so short a date.
And if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, of the foaming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.'

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Liparè,
Rais'd high on smoky rocks; and deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud strokes, and hissing of tormented steel,

Are heard around; the boiling waters roar,
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round.

'My sons!' said Vulcan, 'set your tasks aside;
Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.
Arms for a hero forge—arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.'
He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toil with eager haste divide;
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war."

Æneid, book viii.

No. 1134.

Venus, attended by Cupid, bringing the arms to Æneas.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst*.

The devices on the shield represented the chief events in Roman history.

"Meantime the mother-goddess, crown'd with
charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated
arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's bank retir'd alone:
She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
'Behold,' she said, 'perform'd in ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art:
Now seek secure the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.'
She said: and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.

He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corselet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright—
So shines a cloud when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold;
For there emboss'd the heav'nly smith had
wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line."

Æneid, book viii.

No. 1135.

The ships of Æneas, when fired by Turnus, changed into nymphs; while the Rutulians are terror-struck at the sight.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

Æneas having gone to solicit assistance from Evander, a neighbouring prince, Turnus—aided by Messapus and others—attacks his camp; and sets fire to his ships, which are changed into nymphs.

“Thus ranges eager Turnus o’er the plain,
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain;
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies
Where, fenc’d with strong redoubts, their navy
lies,

Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish’d occasion, fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.
Urg’d by his presence, ev’ry soul is warm’d,
And ev’ry hand with kindled fires is arm’d.
From the fir’d pines the scatt’ring sparkles fly:
Fat vapours, mix’d with flames, involve the sky.
What pow’r, O Muses, could avert the flame,
Which threaten’d, in the fleet, the Trojan name?
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

’Tis said, that when the chief prepar’d his flight,
And fell’d his timber from mount Ida’s height,
The grandame-goddess then approach’d her son,
And with a mother’s majesty begun: *
‘Grant me,’ she said, ‘the sole request I bring,
Since conquer’d heav’n has own’d you for its king.
On Ida’s brows for ages past there stood,
With firs and maples fill’d, a shady wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
Where I was worshipp’d with religious love.
These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.

Now, fill’d with fear, on their behalf I come:
Let neither winds o’erset, nor waves entomb,
The floating forests of the sacred pine;
But let it be their safety t’ have been mine.’
Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls
The radiant stars, and heav’n and earth controls:
‘How dare you, mother, endless date demand
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride
Of safety certain on th’ uncertain tide?
Yet what I can I grant: when, wafted o’er,
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
Whatever ships escape the raging storms
At my command shall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine, and plough the wat’ry way,
Like Doto and the daughters of the sea.’

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,
And Phlegethon’s innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother-god.
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial
nod.

And now at length the number’d hours were
come,
Prefix’d by fate’s irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove’s decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
A light that sign’d the heav’ns, and shot along;
Then from a cloud, fring’d round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;

* Cybele addressing Jupiter.

And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror
wounds:

'O Trojan race! your needless aid forbear;
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may
With hissing brands attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my
charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at
large,
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas at Cybele's command.'

No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
Than, lo! th' obedient ships their halsers break,
And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring
again:

As many beauteous maids the billows sweep
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes surpris'd with wonder stood aghast:
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste:
Old Tiber roar'd, and, rising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed."

Æneid, book ix.

No. 1136.

Ascanius killing Numanus.

PLOTARCHOS. *Cornelian*.

"Then young Ascanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,
And exercis'd against a human foe—
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.
Proud of his realm and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and with a lengthen'd
stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied:
'Twice-conquer'd cowards! now your shame is
shewn—
Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold the walls before you for a shield.
Thus threat you war? thus our alliance force?
What gods—what madness, hither steer'd your
course?
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here;
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

They wake before the day to range the wood—
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports but what belong to war they know—
To break the stubborn colt—to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread:
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free,
No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.
We plough and till in arms; our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain.
E'en time, that changes all, yet changes us in
vain—
The body, not the mind—nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
Our helms defend the young—disguise the grey;
We live by plunder and delight in prey.
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female
pride,
Your turbans underneath your chins are tied.

Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again !
 Go, less than women in the shapes of men !
 Go ! mix'd with eunuchs in the mother's rites
 (Where with unequal sound the flute invites),
 Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade :^{*}
 Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade.'

This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear
 With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
 At the full stretch of both his hands he drew,
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.
 But first before the throne of Jove he stood,
 And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god :
 ' My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed !
 An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed—
 A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
 Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head—

Butts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing
 stands,
 And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.'
 Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious
 ear,
 And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
 Sounded at once the bow ; and swiftly flies
 The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
 The steel through both his temples forc'd the way :
 Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
 ' Go now, vain boaster ! and true valour scorn :
 The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this
 third return.'

Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake
 The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take."
Æneid, book ix.

No. 1137.

Mezentius killing Orodes.

PYRGOTELES. *Calcedony.*

Æneas arrives with a considerable body of auxiliaries from Evander, who also sends his son Pallas ; from Etruria, and other places ; and finding the Trojans closely besieged and sorely pressed, gives the enemy battle. Among the most formidable of his enemies is Mezentius, an impious and tyrannical prince of Etruria, who had been expelled by his subjects for his tyranny. Turnus, after killing Pallas, is withdrawn by an artifice of Juno from the battle.

" Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius
 arm'd,
 Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
 His fainting friends—reproach'd their shameful
 flight—
 Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
 Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire :
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
 Of wish'd revenge ; on him—on him alone,
 All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
 He, like a solid rock by seas enclos'd,
 To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,
 From his proud summit looking down, disdains
 Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

Or as a savage boar on mountains bred,
 With forest-mast and fatt'ning marshes fed,
 When once he sees himself in toils enclos'd,
 By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
 He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares to war—
 Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar :
 All keep aloof, and safely shout around ;
 But none presume to give a nearer wound :
 He frets and froths—erects his bristled hide,
 And shakes a grove of lances from his side :
 Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,
 And just revenge against the tyrant fir'd,
 Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
 And only keep the languid war alive.

* This refers to the rites observed in the worship of Cybele, called *the Great Mother*.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
 Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued,
 Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
 But, running, gain'd the advantage of the ground;
 Then turning short, he met him face to face,
 To give his victory the better grace.
 Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
 Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
 And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:
 'Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!
 The fields around with 'Iö Pæan!' ring,
 And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.

At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death:
 'Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain:
 Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.'
 Then sourly smiling, thus the king replied:
 'For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
 But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.'
 He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.
 A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night."

Æneid, book x.

No. 1138.

Lausus interposing in defence of his father Mezentius.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian*.

The following quotation will suffice for this and the four subsequent subjects.

"Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
 Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain;
 Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
 Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood
 (When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
 His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves);
 Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread
 Deep fix'd in earth—in clouds it hides its head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
 And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
 Collected in his strength, and like a rock
 Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
 He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
 The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
 'My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!
 (Those only gods Mezentius will invoke.)
 His armour from the Trojan pirate torn,
 By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.'
 He said; and with his utmost force he threw
 The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
 Reach'd the celestial shield: that stopp'd the
 course;

But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force

Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
 The side and bowels fam'd Antores fix'd.
 Antores had from Argos travell'd far,
 Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
 Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
 And in Evander's palace sought repose.
 Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
 He casts to heav'n—on Argos thinks, and—dies!

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent:
 The shield gave way; through triple plates it went
 Of solid brass, of linen triply roll'd,
 And three bull-hides which round the buckler
 roll'd.

All these it pass'd, resistless in the course—
 Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force:
 The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.
 The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
 His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
 And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief:
 He sigh'd—he wept—he ran to his relief.
 And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
 To thy immortal memory be just,

And sing an act so noble and so new,
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
 The father sought to save himself by flight:
 Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
 Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
 The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
 The lifted sword springs forth to face the foe—
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
 Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
 All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive,
 And with a storm of darts to distance drive
 The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
 On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind—
 The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind,
 For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
 But that o'erblown, when heav'n above them
 smiles,

Return to travail, and renew their toils:
 Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
 The storm of darts undaunted did abide;
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning
 cried:

'Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
 In rash attempts beyond thy tender age,
 Betray'd by pious love?' Nor thus forborne,
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
 Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience
 tir'd

Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.
 For now the fates prepar'd their sharpen'd
 shears;

And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
 Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
 Through shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous
 way,

And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
 The purple streams through the thin armour
 strove,
 And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother
 wove!

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
 Loath from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'er-
 spread,

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
 He griev'd—he wept (the sight an image brought
 Of his own filial love—a sadly-pleasing thought);
 Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:
 'Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
 To love so great—to such transcendant store
 Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
 Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:

Untouch'd thy arms—untaken be thy sword;
 And all that pleas'd thee living still remain
 Inviolat, and sacred to the slain.

Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
 To rest thy soul—at least if shadows know,
 Or have a sense of human things below:
 There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.'
 With this, his distant friends he beckons near;
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from
 out the wound.

Meantime his father—now no father—stood
 And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
 Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
 His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
 A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;
 His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
 A chosen train of youth around him stand;
 His drooping head was rested on his hand;
 His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;
 And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
 Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
 He much inquir'd, and many a message sent
 To warn him from the field—alas! in vain!
 Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
 O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning
 wound,

And drew a bloody trail along the ground."

Æneid, book x.

No. 1139.

Æneas and Lausus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1140.

Æneas supporting the body of Lausus.

ADMON. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1141.

Mezentius bathing his wound in the river Tiber.

SOLON. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation. The second person here represented is the river-god Tiber.

No. 1142.

Same subject.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1143.

Mezentius weeping over the dead body of Lausus.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

The following quotation explains this and the four subsequent subjects.

“Far off he heard their cries—far off divin’d
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;
Then both his lifted hands to heav’n he spread;
Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:

‘What joys, alas! could this frail being
give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son—and such a son! resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?’

And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
 How much too dear has that redemption cost!
 'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel:
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
 My guilt thy growing virtues did defame:
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
 Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
 I owed my people these, and from their hate
 With less resentment could have borne my fate.
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
 Of hated men, and of more hated light—
 But will not long.' With that he rais'd from
 ground

His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his wound;
 Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd—
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did
 dress

With daily care, and mounted with success—
 His aid in arms—his ornament in peace!

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
 The steed seem'd sensible while thus he spoke:
 'O Rhæbus! we have liv'd too long for me!
 If life and long were terms that could agree:
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head,
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead—
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe—
 Or, if inexorable Fate deny
 Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
 For after such a lord, I rest secure
 Thou wilt no foreign reins or Trojan load endure.'
 He said: and straight th' officious courser kneels
 To take his wonted weight. His hand he fills
 With pointed jav'lins; on his head he lac'd
 His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar;
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief to madness
 wrought—

Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
 Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd—
 Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.

Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name;
 The loud-repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
 'Great Jove,' he said, 'and the far-shooting god,
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good!'
 He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
 And threaten'd with his long-protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus: 'Thy vaunts are vain:
 My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
 He's lost! thy conquest is already won;
 The wretched sire is murder'd in the son!
 Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy;
 Forbear thy threats: my bus'ness is to die;
 But first receive this parting legacy.'

He said; and straight a whirling dart he sent:
 Another after, and another went.
 Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield.
 Thrice rode he round; and thrice Æneas wheel'd—
 Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb withstood
 The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.
 Impatient of delay, and weary grown
 Still to defend, and to defend alone,
 To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
 Urg'd, and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight,
 At length resolv'd, he throws, with all his force,
 Full at the temples of the warrior-horse.
 Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring
 spear

Made way, and stood transfix'd through either ear.
 Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
 The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,
 Lights on his feet before: his hoofs behind
 Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
 Down comes the rider headlong from his height;
 His horse came after with unwieldy weight,
 And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head,
 His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host, the mingled shouts and cries
 Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
 Æneas, hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
 High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
 'Now! where are now thy vaunts—the fierce
 disdain
 Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?'

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies
 With scarce-recover'd sight, he thus replies :
 ' Why these insulting words—this waste of breath,
 To souls undaunted and secure of death ?
 'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die :
 Nor came I here with hopes of victory—
 Nor ask I life—nor fought with that design :
 As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.
 My dying son contracted no such band :
 The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.
 For this, this only favour, let me sue ;
 If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,

Refuse it not : but let my body have
 The last retreat of human kind—a grave.
 Too well I know th' insulting people's hate :
 Protect me from their vengeance after fate :
 This refuge for my poor remains provide :
 And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side.'
 He said ; and to the sword his throat applied :
 The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
 And the disdainful soul came rushing through the
 wound."

Æneid, book x.

No. 1144.

Mezentius vowing to avenge the death of Lausus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1145.

Mezentius addressing his horse Rhœbus.

ATHENION. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1146.

Æneas wounding the horse of Mezentius.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1147.

Æneas killing Mezentius.

ADMON. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1148.

Æneas bearing in triumph the arms of Mezentius.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

See following quotation.

No. 1149.

Æneas addressing his companions, after suspending from an oak the arms of Mezentius as a trophy.

DAMAS. *Calcedony.*

“ Scarce had the rosy morning raised her head Above the waves, and left her wat’ry bed, The pious chief, whom double cares attend For his unburied soldiers and his friend,* Yet first to heaven perform’d a victor’s vows; He bared an ancient oak of all its boughs, Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac’d, Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac’d. The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn, Now on a naked snag in triumph borne, Was hung on high, and glitter’d from afar, A trophy sacred to the god of war. Above his arms, fix’d on the leafless wood, Appear’d his plummy crest besmear’d with blood. His brazen buckler on the left was seen: Truncheons of shiver’d lances hung between; And on the right was plac’d his corslet, bor’d; And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword. A crowd of chiefs enclose the godlike man, Who thus conspicuous in the midst began: ‘ Our toils, my friends, are crown’d with sure success; The greater part perform’d, achieve the less.	Now follow cheerful to the trembling town. Press but an entrance, and presume it won. Fear is no more; for fierce Mezentius lies, As the first-fruits of war, a sacrifice. Turnus shall fall, extended on the plain, And in this omen is already slain. Prepar’d in arms, pursue your happy chance; That none unwarn’d may plead his ignorance, And I, at heav’n’s appointed hour may find Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind. Meantime the rites and fun’ral pomps prepare, Due to your dead companions of the war— The last respect the living can bestow, To shield their shadows from contempt below. That conquer’d earth be theirs for which they fought, And which for us with their own blood they bought. But first the corpse of our unhappy friend To the sad city of Evander send, Who, not inglorious, in his age’s bloom Was hurried hence by too severe a doom.’” <i>Æneid, book xi.</i>
---	---

* Pallas, son of Evander, slain by Turnus.

No. 1150.

Metabus dedicating his infant daughter, Camilla, to Diana.

LYCOS. *Cornelian.*

After the expiration of a truce granted by victorious Æneas to the Latins, in order to bury their dead, he advances towards Laurentum, the capital; while the king and leaders are debating about proposing terms of peace to him. Turnus sallies out to intercept his journey. He divides his forces into two bodies; giving Camilla, queen of the Volscians, and one of the most valiant and powerful of his auxiliaries, command of the cavalry. In the catalogue of the Latin allies (book vii.), her character and qualities are thus sketched.

“ Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops—a warrior-dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill’d,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.*
Mix’d with the first, the fierce virago fought—
Sustain’d the toils of arms—the danger sought—
Outstripp’d the winds in speed upon the plain—
Flew o’er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain;
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm’d along,
Her flying feet unbath’d on billows hung.

Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where’er she passes, fix their wond’ring eyes;
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o’er and o’er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face!
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown’d,
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav’lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.”

The following is the account of her infancy and education. Diana, foreseeing her death in this encounter, sends Opis, one of her train, to avenge it.

“ Meantime Latonian Phœbe from the skies
Beheld th’ approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call’d the light-foot Opis to her aid—
Her most belov’d and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: ‘ Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes—
The nymph I lov’d of all my mortal train,
Invested with Diana’s arms in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
’Twas born with her, and with her years it grew.
Her father Metabus, when forc’d away
From old Privernum for tyrannic sway,
Snatch’d up, and sav’d from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown’d
One hissing letter in a softer sound,

And call’d Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapp’d in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the
chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains,
The raging flood his farther flight restrains,
Rais’d o’er its borders with unusual rains.
Prepar’d to plunge into the stream, he fears
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste;
Then, desp’rate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil’d oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover’d o’er;
He clos’d the child within the hollow space;
With twigs of bending osier bound the case;

* Pallas, or Minerva, had two characters: she was the tutelar divinity of all female domestic industry, and was also a military deity.

Then pois'd the spear heavy with human weight,
 And thus invok'd my favour for the freight :
 "Accept, great goddess of the woods," he said,
 "Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid !
 Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine ;
 And the first weapon that she knows is thine."
 He said ; and with full force the spear he threw :
 Above the sounding wave Camilla flew.
 Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy
 tide,
 And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.
 His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground ;
 And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph un-
 bound.

'Nor after that in towns which walls enclose
 Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes ;
 But rough, in open air, he chose to lie ;
 Earth was his couch ; his cov'ring was the sky.
 On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
 He shunn'd the dire society of men.
 A shepherd's solitary life he led ;
 His daughter with the milk of mares he fed :
 The dugs of bears and ev'ry savage beast
 He drew, and through her lips the liquor press'd.
 The little Amazon could scarcely go—
 He loads her with a quiver and a bow ;
 And, that she might her stagg'ring steps com-
 mand,
 He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.
 Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound ;
 Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
 Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
 Her back and shoulder, fasten'd to her head.

The flying dart she first attempts to fling,
 And round her tender temples toss'd the sling ;
 Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
 To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,
 And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the
 crane.

The Tuscan matrons with each other vied
 To bless their rival sons with such a bride :
 But she disdains their love, to share with me
 The sylvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
 And, oh ! I wish, contented with my cares
 Of savage spoils, she had not sought the wars :
 Then had she been of my celestial train,
 And shunn'd the fate that doom'd her to be slain.
 But since, opposing heav'n's decree, she goes
 To find her death among forbidden foes,
 Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight
 Where, with the gods averse, the Latians fight :
 This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
 This chosen arrow, to revenge her death ;
 By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
 Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
 Then in a hollow cloud myself will aid
 To bear the breathless body of my maid ;
 Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd
 Her holy limbs with any human hand,
 And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.'

She said. The faithful nymph descends from
 high
 With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky :
 Black clouds and stormy winds around her body
 fly."

Æneid, book xi.

No. 1151.

Metabus hurling his infant, Camilla, tied to a spear, across the river
 Amasenus.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonix.*

See first paragraph of preceding quotation. The river-god is represented as reclining.

No. 1152.

Metabus, while swimming over the river, assailed by his enemies.

ADMON. *Cornelian.*

The river-god is represented as receiving the child on the opposite bank. See first paragraph of preceding quotation.

No. 1153.

The nursing of Camilla.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst.*

See second paragraph of preceding quotation.

No. 1154.

Camilla killing Liris.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

Camilla charges the Trojans, while Turnus is guarding the passes through the hills.

“Resistless through the war Camilla rode,
In danger unappall’d, and pleas’d with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted* breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press’d.
Now from afar her fatal jav’lins play;
Now with her axe’s edge she hews her way;
Diana’s arms upon her shoulders sound,
And when, too closely press’d, she quits the
ground,
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride—
Italians all—in peace their queen’s delight—
In war the bold companions of the fight.
So march’d the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll’d:
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecian fled;

With such return’d triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony shields,
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear of mountain-ash, Eunæus first,
With fury driv’n, from side to side transpierc’d:
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
Bath’d in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Liris and Pegasus at once she slew;
The former, as the slacken’d reins he drew
Of his faint steed—the latter as he stretch’d
His arm to prop his friend—the jav’lin reach’d:
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain;
The rest in rout she follows o’er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoön,
And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun:

* Exerted, *exerta*, i. e. exposed, bared.

Of all her deadly darts not one she lost ;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.

Orsilochus and she their coursers ply ;
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
But in a narrow ring she makes the race ;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her axe, and rises to the blow :
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way ;
He groans—he roars—he sues in vain for grace,
Brains mingled with his blood besmear his face.
Astonish'd Aunus just arrives, by chance,
To see his fall, nor farther dares advance ;
But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He stares—he shakes—and finds it vain to fly ;
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat
(At least while Fortune favour'd his deceit),
Cries out aloud, 'What courage have you shewn,
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your
own ?
Forego the 'vantage of your horse ; alight ;
And then on equal terms begin the fight :
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When foot to foot you combat with a man.'

He said. She glows with anger and disdain—
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,
And leaves her horse at large among her train :
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed ;
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
'Vain fool, and coward !' said the lofty maid ;
'Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid !
On others practise thy Ligurian arts ;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are lost on me : nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire.'

At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head ;
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon from above
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces
bound ;
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to
the ground."

Æneid, book xi.

No. 1155.

Camilla killing the son of Aunus.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1156.

Camilla receiving her mortal wound.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian*.

"Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid ;
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.

When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place ;
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight :

He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings; and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er:
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow;
A golden helm his front and head surrounds;
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flow'rs of needlework distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up
before.

Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize;
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose;
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to heav'n address'd his vows:
'O patron of Soracte's high abodes!
Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods,
Whom first we serve; whole woods of unctuous
pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soles
Through flames unsinged we march, and tread the
kindled coals.

Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame:
Let me by stealth this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home.'

Apollo heard, and granting half his prayer,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty
air;

He gives the death desir'd: his safe return
By southern tempests to the sea is borne.

Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the sound. Of either host
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
The dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or e'en to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands,
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands:
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonising pains—
(A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies)—
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
'Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death, and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed—
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath re-
ceive.'

She said, and sliding, sunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein:
Short and more short she pants; by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword—she nods her plumed crest—
Her drooping head declining on her breast—
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, murmur'ing with disdain, to Stygian sounds
retires.

A shout that struck the golden stars ensued ;
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops, and Tuscan, in a line,
Advance to charge ; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war,
Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,
And round her corpse of friends and foes a fight-
ing-train.

Then from the bottom of her breast she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue :
' Too dear a fine, ah, much-lamented maid !
For warring with the Trojans thou hast paid ;
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd ;
But after-ages shall thy praise record.

Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain :
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain.'

High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound—
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around—
Where in a marble tomb Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.

The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,
Swoln with success ; and loudly thus she cried :
' Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late ;
Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message, to Camilla go,
And say I sent thee to the shades below—
An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.'

She said, and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft predestin'd for the deed ;
Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,
Till the far-distant horns approach'd on either
side.

The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she
drew ;

Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his
heart.

Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings."

Æneid, book xi.

No. 1157.

The body of Camilla lying beside her horse.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst*.

See preceding quotation.

No. 1158.

Diana charging Opis to avenge the death of Camilla.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian*.

See preceding quotation. See also quotation to No. 1150.

No. 1159.

Opis killing Aruns.

POLYCLETES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding quotation.

No. 1160.

Opis returning to Olympus.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

See conclusion of preceding quotation.

No. 1161.

Juno and Juturna.

DEMIPHILOS. *Sardonyx.*

After the recent victory gained over the forces of Turnus, he is reproached by the Latins as the cause of all their calamities; he therefore resolves to accept the challenge previously given him by Æneas, to determine the issue of the war by single combat. But Juno instigates the nymph Juturna, the sister of Turnus, to defeat the object.

“ Meantime the queen of heav’n beheld the
sight,
With eyes unpleas’d, from mount Albano’s height;
(Since call’d Albano by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill without a name.)
She thence survey’d the field—the Trojan pow’rs—
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow’rs.
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,
King Turnus’ sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray’d—
Compress’d by force, but by the grateful god
Now made the Naïs of the neighb’ring flood:
‘ O nymph, the pride of living lakes!’ said she;
‘ O most renown’d, and most belov’d by me!
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,
The wanton sallies of my wand’ring lord.

Of ev’ry Latian fair whom Jove misled
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg’d not his embrace,
But gave a part of heav’n, and an unenvied place.
Now learn from me thy near-approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While Fortune favour’d, nor heav’n’s king de-
nied
To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav’d thy brother and the sinking state;
But now he struggles with unequal fate,
And goes, with gods averse, o’ermatch’d in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight;
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the
sight.
Thou, if thou dar’st, thy present aid supply—
It well becomes a sister’s care to try.’

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus: 'Thy tears are late;
Haste—snatch him—if he can be snatch'd—from fate.

New tumults kindle—violate the truce:
Who knows what changeable Fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree;
Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.'
She said, and sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind."

All the preliminary ceremonies are gone through, and the lists measured; while the altars for the sacrifices are still burning, and the victims yet unconsumed.

"Already the Rutulians deemed their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began:
First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd,
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.
Now side to side they measure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size;
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands;
And while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude—
When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs she
heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd,—

Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertes' mien, his habit, and his look—
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And, humouring their first notions, thus began:
'For shame, Rutulians! can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host—th' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count them as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.

Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose with honour his devoted life,
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land—
Those fruitful fields your fighting-fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.'

With words like these, she carried her design:
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then e'en the city-troops, and Latians, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:

Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league so lately sworn repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;
But adds a sign which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage and a glad surprise.
For sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A flock of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes;
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight:
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew,
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ers shade the sky.
They cuff—they scratch—they cross his airy
course:

Nor can th' encumber'd bird sustain their force;

But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous
 prey,
 And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
 Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,
 Eager of action, and demand the fight.
 Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
 Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts :
 ' At length 'tis granted what I long desir'd !
 This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.

Ye gods ! I take your omen, and obey.
 Advance, my friends, and charge ! I lead the way.
 These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
 Like that rapacious bird, infest our land :
 But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
 By strength united, and forego the prey.
 Your timely succour to your country bring ;
 Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king.'"
Æneid, book xii.

No. 1162.

Corynæus thrusting a firebrand against the bearded face of Ebusus.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst*.

The battle is now renewed :—

" Priest Corynæus arm'd his better hand,
 From his own altar, with a blazing brand ;
 And as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace
 Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face :
 His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires ;
 The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
 With his left hand ; his other cast him down.
 The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
 And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast."

Æneid, book xii.

No. 1163.

Combat between Podalirius and Alsus.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian*.

" While Podalirius with his sword pursued
 The shepherd Alsus through the flying crowd,
 Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.
 The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
 And cleaves the chin with one continued wound ;
 Warm blood and mingled brains besmear his arms around ;
 An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
 And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest."

Æneid, book xii.

No. 1164.

Iäpis extracting the arrow from wounded Æneas.

APOLLODOTUS. *Sardonix.*

“ But good Æneas rush’d amid the bands :
 Bare was his head and naked were his hands,
 In sign of truce ; then thus he cries aloud :
 ‘ What sudden rage—what new desire of blood
 Inflames your alter’d minds ? O Trojans ! cease
 From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
 By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
 The terms are all agreed : the war is mine.
 Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue ;
 This hand alone shall right the gods and you :
 Our injur’d altars, and their broken vow,
 To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe.’

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince.
 But whether from some human hand it came,
 Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame :
 No human hand or hostile god was found
 To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain—
 His chiefs dismay’d—his troops a fainting train,
 Th’ unhop’d event his heighten’d soul inspires ;
 At once his arms and coursers he requires ;
 Then with a leap his lofty chariot gains,
 And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
 He drives impetuous, and where’er he goes
 He leaves behind a lane of slaughter’d foes.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
 The wounded prince is forc’d to leave the field :
 Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,
 And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
 Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear
 His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
 Resolv’d in mind—regardless of his smart,
 He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart :
 The steel remains. No readier way he found
 To draw the weapon, than t’ enlarge the wound.

Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
 He begs ; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iäpis was at hand to prove his art ;
 Whose blooming youth so fir’d Apollo’s heart,
 That for his love he proffer’d to bestow
 His tuneful harp and his unerring bow.
 The pious youth, more studious how to save
 His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
 Preferr’d the pow’r of plants, and silent praise
 Of healing arts, before Phœbean bays.

Propp’d on his lance the pensive hero stood,
 And heard and saw unmov’d the mourning crowd.
 The fam’d physician tucks his robes around
 With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
 With gentle touches he performs his part,
 This way and that soliciting the dart,
 And exercises all his heav’nly art.
 All soft’ning simples, known of sov’reign use,
 He presses out, and pours their noble juice.
 These first infus’d, to lenify the pain,
 He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
 Then to the patron of his art he pray’d :
 The patron of his art refus’d his aid.

Meantime the war approaches to the tents ;
 The alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments :
 The driving dust proclaims the danger near ;
 And first their friends, and then their foes appear :
 Their friends retreat ; their foes pursue the rear.
 The camp is fill’d with terror and affright ;
 The hissing shafts within the trench alight ;
 An undistinguish’d noise ascends the sky—
 The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those
 who die.

But now the goddess-mother, mov’d with grief,
 And pierc’d with pity, hastens for relief.
 A branch of healing dittany she brought,
 Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought—

(Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround,
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple
crown'd)—

Well known to wounded goats—a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews
And od'rous panacæ. Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands,
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'cinal herbs prepar'd to bathe
the wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.

Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound,
And first the favour of the goddess found:
'Arms! arms!' he cries; 'the sword and shield
prepare,
And send the willing chief renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work—no cure of mine—
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our gen'ral to the battle sends—
Some god preserves his life for greater ends.'"

Æneid, book xii.

No. 1165.

Venus preparing the juice of dittany for the cure of Æneas.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian*.

See second-last paragraph of preceding quotation.

No. 1166.

Combat of Æneas and Turnus; and conference of Jupiter and Juno.

Jupiter, who is holding the scales of fate, consoles Juno with the assurance that the death of Turnus will lead to the foundation of a mighty empire, in which she will be worshipped with peculiar honours.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonix*.

Æneas returns to the field healed, and with renovated vigour: then follows great slaughter on both sides. Æneas eventually dashes on towards the city, which he attacks. The queen, seeing the desperate state of affairs, hangs herself through grief. Turnus at last determines to decide the whole issue of the war by a single combat with Æneas. The following description of this famous combat, which it is better to give as a whole, will suffice for this and the two subsequent subjects.

"As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,

Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots—
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,

Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep—
Down sink at once the shepherds and their sheep;
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;
Stunn'd with the shock, they fall, and stunn'd,
from earth rebound;—

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons
down.

Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts, and spears, and darts, promiscuous
flew,

And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground imbrue.

First stretching out his arm in sign of peace,

He cries aloud to make the combat cease:

'Rutulians, hold! and Latin troops, retire!

The fight is mine; and me the gods require.

'Tis just that I should vindicate alone

The broken truce, or for the breach atone.

This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state,

Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.'

Both armies from their bloody work desist,

And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.

The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame

The welcome sound, and heard the champion's
name,

Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls:

Greedy of war where greater glory calls,

He springs to fight, exulting in his force;

His jointed armour rattles in the course.

Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shews;

Or father Appenine, when, white with snows,

His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,

And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

The nations, overaw'd, surcease the fight;

Immovable their bodies—fix'd their sight—

E'en death stands still! nor from above they throw

Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring rams below.

In silent order either army stands,

And drop their swords now useless from their
hands.

Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight,

Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,

Born under climes remote, and brought by Fate

With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view: and, rushing on, begin the war.
They launch their spears; then hand to hand they
meet:

The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet.

Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from
high,

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.

Courage conspires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight

In Sila's shades, or on Tiburnus' height;

With horns adverse they meet; the keeper flies;

Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their eyes,

And wait th' event—which victor they shall bear,

And who shall be the lord to rule the lusty year:

With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,

And push for push, and wound for wound return:

Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood;

Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through
the wood;—

Such was the combat in the listed ground;

So clash their swords, and so their shields re-
sound.

Jove sets the beam: on either scale he lays

The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.

On this side life and lucky chance ascends;

Loaded with death that other scale descends.

Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow

Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:

Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side,

As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide:

But all in pieces flies the traitor-sword,

And in the middle stroke deserts his lord.

Now 'tis but death or flight: disarm'd he flies,

When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.

Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,

Hurrying to war—disorder'd in his mind,

Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could
find:

'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,

But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.

This, while the Trojans fled, its toughness held;

But vain against the great Vulcanian shield:

The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand ;
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd ;
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy
ground.

Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace—
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse ;
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.

Thus when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson* toils, or in a river found :
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound ap-
pears—

Still op'ning—following still—where'er he steers :
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, t' escape his Umbrian foe :†
Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand :
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry
pace ;

Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey :
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear ;
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws
with air :

The rocks—the lakes—the meadows ring with
cries ;
The mortal tumult mounts and thunders in the
skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince, and flying blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
With arms or aid his vanquish'd enemy :
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course
With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already round the listed place
One chief had fled, and th' other giv'n the chase.
No trivial prize is play'd ; for on the life
Or death of Turnus now depends the strife.

Within the space an olive-tree had stood,
A sacred shade—a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid—the Latins' guardian
god :

Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.‡
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance ;
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to
free

Th' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree ;
That whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
His flying lance might from afar attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus,
pray'd :

' O Faunus, pity ! and thou, mother Earth,
Where I, thy foster-son, receiv'd my birth,

* The hunting-toils or nets were decorated with red feathers, in order to frighten and bewilder the animals.

† The hound from Umbria, a district in the north of Italy, near the Apennines, famous for stag and boar-hounds.

‡ It was customary among the Romans, for those who had been saved from shipwreck to hang up in the temple, as a thanksgiving, the garments they had worn when saved, together with a picture of the incidents of their escape. But in that rural district, and that rude age, this olive-tree served the purpose of a temple. Though Virgil does not expressly state the reason why the spear stuck fast in the root of this sacred tree, yet the best commentators say that the act was a punishment for the profanation of the Trojans in cutting it down ; and Virgil himself gives probability to this opinion by the subsequent prayer of Turnus.

Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand
 Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd,
 Propitious hear my pious pray'r! He said,
 Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.
 Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and
 strain'd;
 But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
 Juturna took her time; and, while in vain
 He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again,

And in that imitated shape restor'd
 To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.
 The queen of love (who with disdain and grief
 Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief)
 T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
 From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.
 Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:
 One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;
 And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance."

Jupiter sends one of the furies to discomfit Turnus, and drive off Juturna, who assisted him.

"The pest comes whirling down: by far more
 slow
 Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
 Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,
 And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruc-
 tion flies.
 With such a sudden and unseen a flight
 Shot through the clouds the daughter of the
 Night.
 Soon as the field enclos'd she had in view,
 And from afar her destin'd quarry knew,
 Contracted, to the boding bird she turns
 Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,
 And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,
 Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings.
 Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
 The fury round unhappy Turnus flies—
 Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
 A lazy chillness crept along his blood—
 Chok'd was his voice—his hair with horror stood.
 Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
 And knew th' ill omen by her screaming cry,
 And stridor of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
 Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flow-
 ing hair:
 'Ah me!' she cries, 'in this unequal strife
 What can thy sister more to save thy life?
 Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
 In arms with that inexorable fiend?
 Now, now I quit the field! forbear to fright
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!

The lashing of your wings I know too well—
 The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove—
 The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!
 Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
 O hard conditions of immortal state!
 Though born to death—not privileg'd to die,
 But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
 Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
 Companion to my brother's ghost below!
 The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
 Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
 What earth will open her devouring womb,
 To rest a weary goddess in the tomb?
 She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
 But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head;
 Then plung'd into her stream, with deep de-
 spair,
 And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.
 Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
 Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
 'What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
 What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
 'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
 Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
 Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
 What skill and courage can attempt in war:
 Wish for the wings of wind to mount the sky;
 Or hid within the hollow earth to lie!
 The champion shook his head, and made this short
 reply:

'No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hostile heav'n I dread and partial Jove.'
He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw—the common bound
Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground—
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly
raise.

He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy;
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load;
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run, and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath—in vain we cry;
The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die;—
So Turnus far'd: whatever means he tried—
All force of arms—and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour
void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul con-
found;
He star'd about, nor aid nor issue found:
His own men stop the pass; and his own walls
surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess-charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the thund'ring chief ad-
vance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance;
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conq'ring foe—
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow;

Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark; and rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from batt'ring engines break the
walls:

Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
Nought could his sev'nfold shield the prince
avail,

Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all, and with a grisly wound
Transfix'd his thigh and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latians rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upward, and with arms dis-
play'd;

And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
'I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think—oh, think! if mercy may be
shewn—

(Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son)—
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And, for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath.
The Latin chiefs have seen me beg my life:
Thine is the conquest—thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man 'tis mean ignoble strife.'

In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side—
The fatal spoil which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas,* and in triumph wore.

* The son of his ally, king Evander.

Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
 (Flames while he spoke came flashing from his
 eyes),
 'Traitor! dost thou—dost thou to grace pretend,
 Clad as thou art in trophies of my friend!
 To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go:
 'Tis Pallas—Pallas gives this deadly blow!

He rais'd his arm aloft, and as he said,
 Deep in his bosom fiercely plung'd the blade:
 His limbs by death's cold hand relax'd, he fell;
 And his indignant soul fled groaning down to
 hell."*

Æneid, book xii.

No. 1167.

Juturna in despair at the sight of the ill-omened bird that quelled the
 vigour of Turnus.

DEMIPHOLOS. *Cornelian*.

See twelfth paragraph of preceding quotation.

* Though I have, in my quotations from Virgil, adopted Dryden's translation, as I have adopted Pope's in my quotations from Homer, because these are the translations that have been generally stamped with the sanction of public approbation as *the* translations that best convey the poetic fire, force, and majesty of the originals; yet I have found it occasionally necessary to alter a word or a phrase, in order the more accurately to express the meaning of the original, and to shew that the views of the original poet and of the artist coincided. But here I am forced to alter these last three lines altogether. Virgil says:

"Hoc dicens, ferrum adverso sub pectore condit
 Fervidus: ast illi solvuntur frigore membra;
 Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras."

Which literally means: "so saying, fired with fury, he buries the steel deep under his breast in front: ay, then his limbs are relaxed with cold (the cold of death); and his soul, with a groan, flees indignant to the shades." Now, Dryden's translation is:

"And at the word
 Deep in his bosom drove the *shining sword*:
 The *streaming blood* distain'd his arms around,
 And the disdainful soul came rushing through the *wound*."

It will be seen that he omits all notice of some of the most striking expressions in the original, and introduces images for which there is no authority. The second-last line is wrong in every particular: Virgil speaks generally by using the word *ferrum*, steel or iron; and *blade* is the most appropriate general translation. All through the combat Æneas appears armed with a spear: whether he killed Turnus with the iron, or steel, of his sword or spear, Virgil does not tell us.—J. P.

No. 1168.

Æneas wounding Turnus.**PAMILLIOS. *Sardonix.***

See preceding quotation.

No. 1169.

Head of Æneas.**DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.***

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

No. 1170.

Ulysses and Telegonus.

POLYCLETES. *Cornelian.*

Although Homer intimates that Ulysses ended his life peacefully and prosperously in Ithaca, yet there is another account of the close of his life, *i. e.* that Telegonus, his son by Circe, having sailed for Ithaca in order to make himself known to his father, was wrecked on the coast, and was involved in a quarrel with some of the inhabitants, in which Ulysses interfered; and that upon this Telegonus unwittingly slew him: after which he returned to Italy and founded Tusculum, which Horace (book iii. *Od.* 29) calls "Telegoni juga paricidæ."

No. 1171.

Othryades slaying himself.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

The Spartans and Argives had been long contending for the possession of Thyre: at length it was agreed that the dispute should be determined by three hundred warriors on each side. Three alone survived the sanguinary conflict—two Argives, and one Spartan—Othryades. The two Argives went home to announce their victory. But Othryades, who remained disabled in the field, recovered, and collecting the spoils of the enemy, bore them to the Spartan camp; there having erected a trophy, and written on it with his still-flowing blood, "I have conquered!" slew himself, unwilling to survive his comrades in arms.

No. 1172.

Same subject.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding explanation.

No. 1173.

Pausanias killing Cleonice.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

"They report of Pausanias, king of Sparta, that when he was in Byzantium (now Constantinople) he solicited a young lady of a noble family in the city, whose name was Cleonice. Her parents, dreading his cruelty, were forced to consent, and abandoned their daughter to his embraces. Cleonice had commanded the servants to put out all the lights; so that, approaching silently and in the dark towards his bed, she stumbled upon the lamp that was extinguished, which she overturned and spilled. Pausanias, who had fallen asleep, awoke, and, startled with the noise, thought an assassin was come to murder him; then hastily snatching up his poniard, wounded his supposed enemy to death. After this his mind was never at ease; for her spectre continually haunted his bed, and interrupted his repose with these angry words:

'Go, meet thy doom, the just reward of guilt;
Know, vengeance never sleeps when blood is spilt.'

All the allies looked on this action with the greatest indignation; and joining their forces with Cimon's (the Athenian general), besieged Pausanias in Byzantium. But he escaped out of their hands; and being still terrified by the vision, went to Heraclea. In this place there was a temple, where the spirits of the dead were raised in order to discover future events. Having solemnly invoked Cleonice, and entreated her to be reconciled, she appeared to him and answered: 'As soon as thou goest to Sparta, thou shalt be freed from thy misfortunes;' hereby obscurely foretelling (in my opinion) the death which there awaited him."*—PLUTARCH, *Life of Cimon*.

No. 1174.

The ghost of Cleonice appearing to Pausanias.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding explanation.

No. 1175.

Aristodemus killing his daughter.

POLYCLETES. *Sardonyx.*

* Having been detected in a negotiation to betray Greece to the Persian king, he fled from the vengeance of the magistrates to the temple of Minerva, as a sanctuary. But the people blocked up the place with stones (his own mother having placed the first), and starved him to death.

Aristodemus was a celebrated chief of Messenia, in the Peloponnesus, who gallantly conducted a war against Sparta. The Messenians, having sustained a signal defeat, consulted the oracle at Delphos: the oracle announced, that, to save Messenia, a virgin of the ancient blood-royal must be sacrificed. Aristodemus, a descendant of the Æpytidæ, offered his daughter as a voluntary sacrifice. But a noble citizen, who was in love with her, claimed her as his own, asserting that she was betrothed to him. This plea proving ineffectual, he then declared that she was pregnant. Aristodemus, enraged at this, slew his daughter; and having cut her open, discovered that the lover's story was a fiction. However, the murder was deemed a sufficient sacrifice. The mother slew herself in grief for her daughter; and Aristodemus, seeing, after many subsequent encounters with the enemy, that he had slain his daughter without producing any advantage to his country, slew himself on her tomb.

This is the substance of what Pausanias states, book iv. caps. 9 and 13.

No. 1176.

The wife of Aristodemus preparing to kill herself beside the dead body of her daughter.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

See preceding explanation.

No. 1177.

Aristodemus killing himself at the tomb of his daughter.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

See preceding explanation.

No. 1178.

Lysimachus strangling a lion.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Lysimachus, one of Alexander's most distinguished generals, having offended Alexander by avowing his friendship for Callisthenes, was thrown into a lion's den. When the animal sprang at him, he thrust his hand, wrapped in his mantle, into his throat—seized his tongue, and killed him. Alexander was so pleased at this feat that he restored Lysimachus to favour. See JUSTIN, book xv.

No. 1179.

Diogenes in his tub.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

No. 1180.

Alexander and Diogenes.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

After Alexander had been appointed generalissimo of the Grecian forces against Persia, he visited the philosopher Diogenes, who at the time was lying in a tub which he used as his house, and basking in the sun. Alexander asked him whether he wanted any thing; but Diogenes replied—"Only stand from between me and the sun." Alexander (says Plutarch) was so struck by this answer, and so surprised at the greatness of the man's soul who had taken so little notice of him, that, as he went away, he said to his followers, who were laughing at the moroseness of the philosopher—"If I were not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes."

No. 1181.

Head of Diogenes.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

No. 1182.

Alexander cutting the Gordian knot.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

After Alexander subdued Phrygia, he saw in Gordium, the capital city (which is said to have been the seat of Midas), the famous chariot, fastened with cords made of the bark of the cornel-tree; and was informed that the inhabitants had a tradition, that the empire of the world was reserved for the man who should untie the knot. Alexander finding that he could not untie it, because the ends were secretly folded up within it, cut it asunder with his sword, so that several ends appeared. See PLUTARCH, in his *Life of Alexander*.

No. 1183.

Alexander and his physician Philip.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

This scene is thus described by Plutarch:—"Alexander was detained in Cilicia by sickness, which some say he contracted by fatiguing himself too much; others, by bathing in the river Cydnus, the waters of which are exceedingly cold. However, it so happened that none of his physicians would venture to give him any remedies, thinking his case desperate, and fearing the censure, and even vengeance of the Macedonians, should they fail in the cure; till Philip, the Acarnanian, considering his extreme danger, and confiding in his friendship, resolved to try the utmost efforts of his art, and rather hazard his credit and his life, than suffer him to perish for want of medicine. This medicine he confidently did administer to him, encouraging him to take it boldly, if he desired a speedy recovery in order to prosecute the war. At this very time Parmenio wrote to Alexander, telling him to beware of Philip, as he had been bribed by Darius to kill him—having offered him large sums of money, and his daughter in marriage. Having perused the letter, he put it under his pillow, without shewing it to any of his friends. When Philip came in with the potion, he took it with great cheerfulness and assurance, at the same time giving him the letter to read. This was an encounter well worth being present at—to see Alexander take the draught, and Philip read the letter at the same time, looking earnestly upon one another, but with different sentiments; for Alexander's looks were cheerful and open, a demonstration of his kindness to, and confidence in, his physician; while the other's were full of surprise at the accusation, appealing to the gods to witness his innocence—sometimes lifting up his hands to heaven, and then throwing himself down by the bedside, and beseeching Alexander to lay aside all fear, and rely on his fidelity. The medicine at first wrought so strongly with him, that it overcame his spirits, and brought him so low that he lost his speech, and, falling into a swoon, had scarce any sense or pulse left; but soon after, by Philip's means, his health and strength returned, and he shewed himself in public to the Macedonians, who were in continual fear and dejection till they saw him abroad again."

No. 1184.

Alexander killing a lion.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

"When he perceived that his generals rather more used precious ointments than plain oil when they went to bathe, and that they had servants every where with them, to rub them and wait upon them in their chambers, he reproved them with great mildness and discretion, telling them he wondered that they who had been engaged in so many signal battles, should not know

by experience that labour and industry made people sleep more sweetly and soundly than laziness; and that if they compared the Persians' manner of living with their own, they would be convinced it was the most abject, slavish condition in the world to be effeminate and voluptuous; but the most generous and becoming a great man to take pains. Besides, he reasoned with them how it was possible for any one who pretended to be a soldier, either to look well after his horse, or to keep his armour bright and in good order, who thought much to let his hands be serviceable to what was nearest to him—his own body. 'Are ye still to learn,' said he, 'that the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the vices and infirmities of those whom we subdue?' And to strengthen his precepts by example, he applied himself now more vigorously than ever to hunting and warlike expeditions, readily embracing all opportunities of hardship and danger; insomuch that old Lacon, who chanced to be by when he encountered with and mastered a huge lion, told him, 'He had put his empire in competition, and had fought gallantly with the beast, which of the two should be king.' Craterus caused a representation of this adventure, consisting of the lion and the dogs—of the king engaged with the lion, and himself coming in to his assistance—all expressed in figures of brass (some of which were made by Lysippus, and the rest by Leochares),—to be dedicated to the temple of Apollo at Delphos. In this manner did Alexander expose his person to danger, whilst he both inured himself and incited others to the performance of brave and virtuous actions."—PLUTARCH.

No. 1185.

Socrates saving Alcibiades.

ATHENION. *Cornelian.*

"Whilst Alcibiades was very young, he was a soldier in the expedition against Potidæa, where Socrates lodged in the same tent with him, and seconded him in all encounters. Once there happened a sharp skirmish, wherein they both behaved themselves with much bravery; but Alcibiades receiving a wound there, Socrates threw himself before him to defend him, and most manifestly saved him and his arms from the enemy; and therefore, in all justice, might have challenged the prize of valour. But the generals appearing earnest to adjudge the honour to Alcibiades, because of his quality, Socrates, who desired to increase his thirst after glory, was the first who gave evidence for him, and pressed them to crown him, and to decree to him the complete suit of armour. Afterwards, in the battle of Delium, when the Athenians were routed, and Socrates, with a few others, was retreating on foot, Alcibiades, who was on horseback, observing it, would not pass on, but stayed to shelter him from the danger, and brought him safe off, though the enemy pressed hard upon them, and cut off many of the party."—PLUTARCH.

No. 1186.

Socrates and his disciples.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Socrates, the greatest of the Grecian philosophers, unsparingly attacked the superstition of the Athenians, and propounded the doctrine of an all-disposing Providence. He was impeached by Melitus and Anytus for impiety, and for an endeavour to corrupt the people by bringing their gods into ridicule. He defended himself with great resolution, and maintained the purity of his doctrines. But he was condemned, and ordered to take a dose of poisonous hemlock. The interval between his condemnation and his death he spent in calmly lecturing his pupils, among whom were Plato, Xenophon, Phædon, Crito, Apollodorus. The history of Socrates, who is sometimes designated, from the approximation of his doctrines to the morality of the Bible, the Christian-pagan, is so generally known, that it is unnecessary to dwell on it here.

No. 1187.

Head of Socrates.

ADMON. *Cornelian.*

No. 1188.

Plato meditating on the immortality of the soul.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Plato was the most celebrated of the disciples of Socrates. Quintilian says, that when he read Plato, he seemed to hear, not a man, but a divinity speaking. His writings were so celebrated, and his philosophy so much esteemed, that he was called "the divine Plato." Addison, in his tragedy of *Cato*, gives in Cato's soliloquy the substance of his philosophy on the immortality of the soul.

No. 1189.

Head of Plato.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

No. 1190.

Arion upon a dolphin.

DIOSCORIDES. *Calcedony.*

Arion was a famous poet and musician of Methymna, in the island of Lesbos. The dolphin who saved him, when he plunged into the sea to escape from the sailors who conspired to murder him for his riches, was, it is fabled, made a constellation.

This story is thus told by Ovid:—

“The dolphin, whom you lately saw so bright,
Will wholly be obscur’d the following night:
Whether as for a happy spy* to love
He gain’d a place among the stars above;
Or whether for Arion, whom he bore
Upon his back, and carried safe to shore.
Who has not heard of sweet Arion’s fame?
What country is a stranger to his name?
He that, with music’s all-enchancing force,
Could stop a running river in its course;
Whose voice with magic virtue was endued
To stop a wolf, though he his prey pursued:
The dog and hare their fleeting course have stay’d
To listen when upon his lyre he play’d;
A furious bull his music could assuage,
And mollify the fiercest lion’s rage;
The crow and owl,† the hawk and dove, were
friends,
To sit and hear his soft melodious strains;
And Cynthia‡ in her orb reluctant hung,
As if she heard her brother’s tuneful song.
Long had he ravish’d the Sicilian plains,
And charm’d Ausonia with his lyric strains:
From thence returning home, he went aboard,
And in the ship his late-got riches stor’d.

Perhaps, Arion, thou the sea might’st fear:
Trust not the ship; there is no safety there.
The master and the crew, with sword in hand,
Seize on the lyrist, and his wealth demand:
‘But why these hostile arms?’ Arion cried;
‘Stick to your tackling, and the vessel guide:
Free from all guilt, I’m not afraid to die;
But let me first sing my own elegy.’
They grant him leave, but laugh at his request:
Then with a chaplet crown’d, and richly drest
In a wrought mantle, which they all admire,
He with his fingers touch’d the sounding lyre;
And, like the dying swan, he sweetly sung,
The sounding lyre according with his tongue.
This done, and thus adorn’d, without delay
Springing he jump’d into the foamy sea;
Where, wond’rous to relate, a dolphin heav’d
His bending back, and kind the man receiv’d;
On whom he sat, and play’d with tuneful hand,
Till that the dolphin brought him safe to land.
To gracious heav’n let innocence trust;
The gods reward the pious and the just:
It was for this Jove made the dolphin shine
A constellation; and his stars are nine.”

OVID. *Fasti*, book ii.

* “According to the fabulous tradition, when Neptune had a mind to marry Amphitrite, the coy lady hid herself; but the dolphin found her out, and persuaded her to accept the match; and for that piece of service Neptune gave him a place among the stars.”

† “Aristotle says, that the great enmity between the crow and the owl is occasioned by the crow’s breaking the owl’s eggs by day, and the owl’s breaking the crow’s eggs by night.”

‡ “Diana, or the moon, is called *Cynthia*, from Cynthus, a mountain in the island of Delos.”

No. 1191.

Venus presenting a vase of fragrant oil to Phaon.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

Phaon was a mariner of Mitylene, who, after anointing himself with the contents of this vase, became the most beautiful youth of his age. Among his other lovers was the famous poetess Sappho. After returning her love for some time, he abandoned her; upon which she flung herself in despair from Mount Leucate into the sea. See OVID's *Epistles*, "Sappho to Phaon."

No. 1192.

Same subject.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

No. 1193.

Phrynis, the musician of Mitylene, leaning against the altar of Apollo.

GNAIOS. *Cornelian.*

It is said he was the first who obtained a musical prize at the Panathenæa games in Athens. He added two strings to the lyre, which had been always used with seven by his predecessors.

No. 1194.

Polydamas holding an ox.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonyx.*

The exploits of Polydamas are thus related by Pausanias, book vi. cap. 5:—"But the statue, which stands on a lofty basis, is the work of Lysippus. This statue is the image of a man, who, excepting those that are called heroes, or the race of mortals prior to the heroes (if there was any such race), must have been the largest of all men. Scotussa, the native country of this Polydamas, the son of Nicias, is not now inhabited, for it was depopulated by Alexander of Pheræ. The mountainous part of Thrace was infested with lions: here Polydamas once, though quite unarmed, slew a large, strong lion, being incited to this daring deed by a desire to emulate the achievements of Hercules. Coming once to a herd of oxen, he seized the largest and fiercest by one of the hind feet. This he so strenuously held, that notwithstanding

the animal's violent struggling to get free, it was scarcely able at length to escape with the loss of its hoof. They add, that at this time he was able to stop a chariot at full speed. Darius Nothus having heard of his exploits, sent for him to Susa. When arrived there, he slew three of those called the immortal band, who fought him collectively. These exploits are partly represented on the base of the statue in Olympia, and partly evinced by the inscription. But he fell at last, through too much self-confidence in his own strength. Having once retired, with some companions, to a rocky cavern for shelter, the roof gave way; and while his companions fled, he remained, and endeavoured to uphold the vast mass of falling rock, which, however, eventually crushed him."

No. 1195.

Polydamas stopping a chariot when driven at full speed.

AGATHEMEROS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding explanation.

No. 1196.

Polydamas killing the guards of Darius.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

See preceding explanation.

No. 1197.

Polydamas supporting the falling roof of a rocky cave.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

No. 1198.

Æbotas victorious in the chariot-race.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

"This Æbotas was a Dymæan, who conquered in the seventh Olympiad. But the statue was dedicated in Olympia, in consequence of an oracle given at Delphos in the eightieth Olympiad. Upon this statue there is the following epigram—

'Æbotas, in the stadium victor, raised
His country Palea, in Achaia's realms, to fame.'

That the epigram calls the city Palea, and not Dyme, ought not to disturb the reader; for the more ancient names are employed by the Greeks in poetical composition, instead of the more modern."—PAUSANIAS, book vii. c. 17.

No. 1199.

Arrachion crushing the foot of his adversary.

DIOSCORIDES. *Sardonyx*.

"In the forum of the Phigalenses there is a statue of the pancratist* Arrachion, which is in other respects ancient, and particularly as to its figure. The feet are at no great distance from each other; and the hands adhere to the sides and the hips. This statue is made of stone; and they say that there was an inscription on it, which has become obliterated by time. Arrachion was twice victorious in the Olympic games prior to the fifty-fourth Olympiad; and these victories were obtained as well by the just decision of the judges of the games, as by the merits of Arrachion: for as he was contending for the olive crown with the only antagonist that was left, his antagonist endeavoured to prevent him from gaining the victory by entangling him with his feet, and grasping his neck. But Arrachion crushed one of his toes; and at the moment that he expired, being strangled to death, his adversary through pain of his mangled toe fell to the ground. The Eleans therefore crowned and proclaimed the dead body of Arrachion victorious."—PAUSANIAS, book viii. c. 40.

No. 1200.

Dromeus victor in the foot-race.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian*.

"Near this is the statue of the Stymphalian Dromeus, whose name (the *racer*) corresponds with his exercise; for in the longer chariot-race he was twice victorious in the Olympic—twice in the Pythian—thrice in the Isthmian—and five times in the Nemean games. It is said that he was the first who ate animal food; for the Athletæ before him used to eat nothing but fig-cheese. His statue was made by Pythagoras."—PAUSANIAS, book vi. c. 7. He is here represented as holding a garland before the statue of Minerva.

* *Pancratium*—from *pan* and *cratos*, every exercise of strength—was a sort of contest in which the combatants used every effort to gain the victory, such as by boxing, wrestling, kicking, biting, &c.

No. 1201.

Milo killing the bull.

DIOSCORIDES. *Cornelian.*

Milo of Crotona was celebrated for his prodigious size and strength. He was seven times victor at the Pythian, and six times victor at the Olympian games. He used to bind his forehead tightly with a strong cord, and, by holding in his breath, and swelling out the veins of his head, burst the cord. Setting full against his side the part of the arm between the shoulder and the elbow, he would extend the other part, with his thumb turned upwards and his fingers placed close together; then, his hand being in this position, no one could separate his little finger from the rest. It is said that he carried on his shoulders for forty yards a full-grown bullock, and killed it at a blow. Seeing a large oak, into the trunk of which wedges were driven in order to cleave it, he endeavoured by his own strength to tear it asunder; but the wedges giving way, he was caught by the rebounding parts, and held fast till he was torn to pieces by wild beasts. See PAUSANIAS, book vi. c. 14.

No. 1202.

Death of Milo.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

See preceding explanation.

No. 1203.

Romulus observing the flight of vultures.

PYRGOTELES. *Cornelian.*

As the history of Romulus, the founder of Rome, is so generally known, it is unnecessary here to enter into any particulars, except, in explanation of the present subject, to say that he and his twin brother Remus agreed to decide by the flight of birds who should give his name to, and have the chief power in, the new city. The augur having gone through the usual ceremonies, Remus took his stand on Mount Aventine, and Romulus on Mount Palatine. Remus first saw a flock of six vultures flying, and soon after Romulus saw twelve. Though Remus had the advantage as to priority of time, yet it was determined that the superiority of numbers rendered the omen of Romulus the more favourable one.

No. 1204.

Metamorphosis of Periphas.

APOLLONIDES. *Sardonix.*

Periphas was one of the first kings of Attica. It is related that his subjects paid him divine honours, for which Jupiter determined to destroy him with his thunderbolt; but, at the prayer of Apollo, only changed him into an eagle.

No. 1205.

Mithras stabbing a bull.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Mithras, or Mithra, is the name of the sun, which alone the Persians worshipped. His worship was introduced into Rome, where he usually was represented as a young man wearing a Persian bonnet, resting his knee on the back of a bull, with one hand holding the animal's head, while with the other he plunges a dagger into its shoulder. The secret rites of Mithras were of a very mysterious character. His mysteries were observed in caverns. In these gloomy recesses the person to be initiated underwent a long process of solitary confinement, then had to endure many kinds of torture (some say eighty), and if he survived these sufferings he was initiated. Most of the candidates lost, in the probation, their reason or life.

No. 1206.

Filial piety.

GNAIOS. *Sardonix.*

This virtue was worshipped in Rome as a goddess, in consequence of the following circumstance. A man was sentenced to solitary imprisonment, and strict injunctions given that no one should be allowed to bring him food. But his daughter, who was then a nurse, and allowed to visit him, contrived, unknown to the jailor, to nourish him with her milk. This act excited the admiration of the magistrates. The father was released, and he and his daughter were afterwards supported at the public expense; and, according to Pliny, a chapel consecrated to the goddess was erected in the place.

No. 1207.

Homer playing on the lyre, attended by Fame and a Genius.

ALLION. *Cornelian.*

No. 1208.

Apotheosis of Homer.

ARGELAOS. *Cornelian.*

THE END.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

No. 1207

Homage paying on the river attended by Tame and a Goshawk

London. Cornwall

No. 1208

Apollonius of Rhodes

London. Cornwall

THE END

Prendeville, James

Explanatory Catalogue of the Proof-impressions of the antique Gems
possessed by the late Prince Poniatowski, and now in the possession of
John Tyrrell Accompanied with descriptions and poetical illustrations of
the subjects and preceded by an Essay on ancient Gems and Gem-engraving.
Bd.: 5

London 1842

4 Arch. 160 s-5

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10221812-1